

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEPTEMBER 1939 TWENTY FIVE CENTS ★



GROWING UP IN BUSINESS

BY STANLEY HIGH

ALSO • HONORE MORROW • CHARLES HANSON TOWNE
W. G. WARD • DEAN WICKS • MARGARET SANGSTER

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RUSSES



LAST CALL FOR MONT LAWN VACATIONS!

THE children are ready—they have been waiting all through the hot summer days for the word that would send them to Mont Lawn for two weeks of what must seem like heaven to them. One glimpse into their airless, sunless homes, one trip to the city's slums would tell you more than we can possibly put into words. *Your visit to the slums would end at Christian Herald's office with the plea that we do something for these children of poverty.*

Through no fault of their own they are the victims of ignorance, crime and unemployment. Life has been cruel to them. YOU can be kind. You can still give them two weeks of good food to strengthen their



CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME
419 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Dear Friends:—

Sept. '39

Don't keep them waiting—here's my bit toward
making a child well and happy

Name

Address

EVERY PENNY HELPS—DON'T HESITATE TO SEND EVEN A DIME

bodies against the strain of the coming months; you can give them lightness of heart and laughter that will be good to remember; you can give them spiritual awakening—far too many of our little guests knew nothing of Christ and His love for little children until they came to Mont Lawn.

This is our last plea for vacations for this year and unless you answer it with your contribution many children are going to know a disappointment that would be hard for you to understand. They have counted the days since the summer began—hot days, breathless days for them. Their underfed bodies are not in condition to stand the strain—let them regain health and happiness at Mont Lawn.

Don't delay—by sending your contribution today a little boy or little girl can be invited to spend two weeks in God's country. *And you will receive a post card from the child direct from Mont Lawn—a post card with a picture of the children at Mont Lawn or one of its beauty spots and a message of thanks from the child.*

★ ★ ★

\$5 pays for a week of all the good things Mont Lawn has to give a child of poverty—it pays carfare, replaces worn clothing and gives them all the food and fun they can digest. With a doctor and nurse on our staff their health is carefully watched and they return to the city ready and strong enough to carry on for the coming days of scarcity.

What *REALLY* Goes On Inside Your Body?

Diet • First Aid
Colds • Constipation
Sex Hygiene
Heart Disease
Childbirth

Accidents
Exercise
Blood Pressure
Child Care
Hay Fever
Diabetes

Blood Tests
Eczema
Burns
Poisons
Thyroid
Pyorrhea

Reducing or Gaining Weight
Rheumatism • Indigestion
Kidney Trouble • Teeth
Tuberculosis • Cancer
Pneumonia

Here is Just PART of This Great Book's Amazing Contents!

First Aid
Accidents, falls, bleeding, bruises, wounds, burns, electric shocks, gas poisoning, fainting, bites.

Hygiene of Women
Rhythm, Safe Period, conception.

Sex Hygiene

Care of Mother Before and After Childbirth

Care and Feeding of the Child
Prevention and Treatment of Infectious Diseases

Diseases of Childhood
Diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, chicken pox, mumps, infantile paralysis.

Transmissible Diseases

Typhoid, lockjaw, rabies, malaria, parrot disease, etc.

Respiratory Diseases

Common Colds. Pneumonia. Tuberculosis.

Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout

Diseases of the Heart

Digestion and Diseases
Stomach Ulcer, Constipation, Diarrhea.

Kidney Diseases, Disturbances

The Blood
Wassermann and Kahn tests. Anemia.

Allergies

Hay fever, asthma, etc.

Internal Glands

Thyroid, pituitary, etc. Sex glands. Goiter.

Diabetes

Treatment, diets. Insulin.

Blood Pressure

Cancer
Breast, womb, stomach, intestine, kidney, prostate.

The Skin

Rash, corns, wrinkles, acne.

Eye, Ear, Tongue, Nose, Throat

Earache, sinus, sore throat, etc.

The Venereal Diseases

Signs of syphilis, gonorrhea.

Care of the Teeth

Pyorrhea. Halitosis. False teeth.

Advice on the Diet

Calories, vitamins, acids.

Alcohol.

Old Age

"Changes of life" in men and women.

MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER

EDITED BY
MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D.

905 Pages
Instant-Index
136 Illustrations

Actual size 6" x 9 1/4". Red buckram, stamped in gold color over black panels. Profusely illus. with photographs, charts, diagrams, drawings, tables.

Everything You Want to Know About Your Body and How It Works—In This Great GOLD-MINE of Medical Facts, Edited by Dr. Morris Fishbein of the American Medical Association. Read it 5 Days FREE—Without Payment or Obligation to Keep It!

THE average person knows more about his car, radio, or electric refrigerator than about his *own body*! No wonder so many people "crack up." No wonder little burns, sprains, pains, and scratches turn into serious trouble! That is why Dr. Morris Fishbein and 24 leading specialists wrote this great book. Not to take the place of a physician. But to tell you what to do AT ONCE in emergencies to prevent disfigurement, infection, or even death—with an understanding of bodily functions that may add years to your life.

905 Indexed Pages 136 Illustrations—6,000 Items About Your Body, Diet, Health

Here, at last, is really a one-volume medical library that frankly, intimately, ethically and *understandably* covers all the subjects you want to know about. And you may first prove—at our expense—that your home *should* have this book. You never know when or how sickness, accident, or dangerous emergency will strike your family, your guests.

THINK THIS VERY MOMENT—Where WOULD you turn for INSTANT advice, if you were suddenly faced with a case of poisoning, electric shock, a bad burn or cut, a risk of disfigurement, serious infection, or any one of a thousand mishaps that can happen in *any* home!

Unlike Any Other Book

The MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER is nothing like the ordinary "guide" that lists a few first-aid treatments, or "until-the-doctor-comes" measures. Instead, it tells you *all* the facts; the story your doctor would tell if he had time to sit down and go over the case. *You know what you are doing and why.* You can follow doctor's instructions more intelligently if the condition is serious, and thus speed treatment. Or in sudden emergency, the INSTANT-INDEX in this volume can mean actually saving a life!

SEND NO MONEY 5 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION

Send no money with the coupon. When this beautifully-bound 905-page DeLuxe Edition of the Modern Home Medical Adviser arrives (in plain wrapper) merely accept it for five days' *free* examination. READ IT! SEE WHY IT WAS A BARGAIN EVEN AT ITS FORMER PRICE OF \$7.50! Then, if you wish to return it, do so and forget the matter. Otherwise send us only \$1 and the balance in two payments: \$1 one month later, and 95 cents one month after that. (Only \$2.95 in full. Instead of its former price, \$7.50.) You risk nothing in mailing this coupon. Will you do so at once? NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC., Dept. C.H.9, Garden City, New York.

5-DAY EXAMINATION COUPON

**NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc., Dept. C. H. 9,
Garden City, New York**

Send me The MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER. I will examine it 5 days free of charge—and either send you \$1, then \$1 a month later, and 95c (plus 8c postage) one month after that as full payment; or return book to you with no obligation whatsoever.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if you prefer one single remittance (instead of three) and SAVE eight cents postage. ENCLOSE \$2.95 as payment in full. Same 5-day examination, return-for-refund privilege applies, of course.

The Best in RADIO

Selected Programs on September Airwaves

[All Time is Eastern Daylight Saving]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFFH, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWKY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell. Songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
9:30 A.M. Family Man. The friendly philosopher—Red.
12:00 noon Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne. Story of a woman doctor—CBS.
12:15 P.M. Her Honor, Nancy James. Dramatic serial of a woman judge—CBS.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers—Blue.
3:45 P.M. Between the Bookends. Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—Blue.
5:30 P.M. Affairs of Anthony. Character-building dramas for children—Blue.
6:05 P.M. The Human Side of the News. Edwin C. Hill—CBS.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, news commentator—Blue.

SUNDAYS

9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft. Julius Mattfeld, organist—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Talks by religious leaders of every denomination—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Highlights of the Bible. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm—Red.
10:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan. Negro spirituals—CBS.
11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals and devotional services. Also Thursday, noon, and Friday 12:15—Blue.
11:45 A.M. Vernon Crane's Story Book. Whimsical tales for young and old—RED.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra—Blue.
12:30 P.M. On Your Job. Dramas of work and workers—Red.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle choir and organ—CBS.
2:00 P.M. Democracy in Action. How our federal government operates—CBS.
2:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—Red.
3:00 P.M. Howard Barlow, directing Columbia Broadcasting Symphony—CBS.
4:00 P.M. Sunday Vespers—Dr. Paul Scherer—Blue.
4:00 P.M. So—You Think You Know Music. Musical quizz—CBS.
5:00 P.M. News from the Nation's Capitol. Presented by Baukhage—Blue.
5:00 P.M. Columbia's Country Journal. Presenting Mr. and Mrs. American Farmer—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Jane Froman, Jan Peerce and Erno Rapee's orchestra—CBS.
8:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra. Guest conductors—Blue.
9:00 P.M. Ford Summer Hour. James Melton, Francis White, soloists—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. The Haenschen Concert Orchestra—Red.
10:30 P.M. Kaltenborn Edits the News. H. V. Kaltenborn commentator—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talks with music—Blue.

MONDAYS

12:30 P.M. Christianity Can Solve Your Problems. Dr. R. Meadowcroft—Red.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Interviews with interesting personalities—RED.
2:00 P.M. Adventures in Reading. Works of living American authors—Blue.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Directed by Joe Emerson—Red.
3:00 P.M. United States Marine Band—Blue.
5:45 P.M. Adventures in Science. Interviews with scientists on advances in their fields—CBS.
7:15 P.M. American History in Song. Choral group—Red.
7:15 P.M. Songs by Michael Loring. Ballads and folk songs—CBS.
7:45 P.M. Science on the March. News in the world of Science—Blue.
8:00 P.M. Order of Adventurers. True tall tales by famous explorers—Blue.
8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks; symphonic orchestra—Red.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contended program. Orchestra directed by Leo Kempin—RED.
10:00 P.M. So This Is Radio. Dramatic story of radio, directed by Norman Corwin—CBS.

TUESDAYS

12:30 P.M. The Trail Finder. Dr. William Thomson Hanzsche—Red.
1:45 P.M. General Federation of Women's Clubs. Consumers program—Red.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—Red.
3:00 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall. For lovers of good music—CBS.
3:30 P.M. Story of the Song. How famous songs came to be written—CBS.
5:30 P.M. Highways to Health. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects—CBS.
8:00 P.M. The World's Greatest Stories—RED.
9:00 P.M. We, the People. The people take the air, with Gabriel Heatter as host—CBS.

10:00 P.M. Mr. District Attorney. Serial exposing rackets—Red.
10:30 P.M. Kaltenborn Edits the News—CBS.

WEDNESDAYS

12:30 P.M. The Truth That Makes Men Free. Dr. Francis Stifter—Red.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. With June Hynd—Red.
5:15 P.M. Of Men and Books. With Congressman T. V. Smith—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Art in the News. Events in the world of art—Red.
7:15 P.M. Songs by Michael Loring—CBS.
7:15 P.M. Human Nature in Action. An explanation of the quirks of human behavior—Red.
7:30 P.M. The People's Platform. Lyman Bryson, moderator—CBS.
10:30 P.M. The Public Interest in Democracy. Deals with America's problems—Blue.

THURSDAYS

12:30 P.M. Timeless Truths Made Timely. Dr. C. J. McCombe—Red.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—Red.
8:30 P.M. Television Program. NBC Station W2XBS.
8:30 P.M. It's Up To You. Tests mental alertness of audience—Blue.
9:00 P.M. Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. Non-professionals get their chance—CBS.
9:00 P.M. America's Lost Plays. Summer series of hour-long dramas—Red.
10:00 P.M. Columbia Workshop Festival. Original plays—CBS.

FRIDAYS

12:30 P.M. Women in A Changing World. Miss Edith E. Lowry—Red.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Guest speakers—Red.
2:00 P.M. Women in the Making of America. Dramatizations depicting contributions made by women to American culture—Blue.
5:45 P.M. Men Behind the Stars. Stories on astronomy—CBS.
7:15 P.M. American History in Song—Red.
7:30 P.M. Songs by Michael Loring—CBS.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucile Manners, soprano—Red.
8:30 P.M. Don't Forget. Tests on ability to remember facts through thought association—Blue.
9:30 P.M. First Nighter. With Barbara Luddy and Les Tremayne—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Believe It Or Not. Robert L. Ripley—CBS.

SATURDAYS

10:45 A.M. Child Grows Up. Talks of interest to parents and teachers by Katherine Lenroot—Blue.
11:00 A.M. Dorian String Quartet. For lovers of serious music—CBS.
11:30 A.M. Columbia Concert Hall. The best in music—CBS.
12:15 P.M. Women in the World of Tomorrow. Woman's Place in a world of fast-moving social trends—CBS.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors. Weekly service to the nation's philatelists—Red.
1:30 P.M. What Price America. Dramatized story of America's natural resources—CBS.
2:00 P.M. Bull Session. Students from Chicago's university discussing world problems—CBS.
5:00 P.M. Interlochen Student Orchestra. Student orchestra under direction of famous conductors—Red.
6:30 P.M. Art of Living. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—Red.
6:30 P.M. This Week in Washington. Albert Warner, reporter—CBS.
7:00 P.M. Americans at Work. Interviews with workers in every field of industry—CBS.
9:30 P.M. Arch Oboler's Plays. Original plays appealing to the imagination—RED.
9:45 P.M. Saturday Night Serenade. With Mary Eastman, Bill Perry and Gustav Haenschen orchestra—CBS.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

"A PROGRAM of intrinsic excellence and real public service which has won widespread appreciation among persons of intelligence and influence"—with these words the National Federation of Press Women at their recent annual meeting awarded first prize for the best forenoon weekday radio program to NBC's "Getting the Most Out of Life" conducted by Dr. William L. Stidger. Dr. Stidger's program, off the air for the summer, will return to NBC networks in the early autumn. Dr. Oscar F. Blackwelder, Washington pastor, also won honors this past summer when an "admirable address" delivered by him over National Broadcasting Company networks was recorded with the unanimous consent of the 76th Congress in the appendix of the Congressional Record.

IF YOU wish to meet Mr. and Mrs. American Farmer as they really are, listen to a new series titled, "Columbia's Country Journal." Each week the "Journal" originates in a different part of the country, at a state fair or a farmer's exposition. Charley Stookey, former Illinois farmer, is on hand in each city to interview the farmers and get their views on anything from world affairs to whether women should use lipstick. (Sundays, 5:00 p.m., EDST, CBS.)

DR. RALPH S. MEADOWCROFT, pastor of All Angels' Church, New York City, will face an NBC microphone for the first time when he appears in a new series of two addresses the latter part of this month. Under the general theme, "Christianity Can Solve Your Problems," Dr. Meadowcroft plans to select two problems to which anyone of us might be heir and show how Christian faith can minimize them. (Mondays, Sept. 18 and 25, 12:30 p.m., EDST, NBC-Red Network.)

You can trip her up on "Mississippi"— but she'll give you pointers on Gum Massage!



Here's one important thing she's learned: Ipana and Massage helps keep gums firm... teeth sound... smiles brighter!

SPELLING is important, and Joan will master "Mississippi" yet! However, she has already learned some valuable things in school that Dad and Mother haven't learned, even *today*.

For many modern youngsters are being taught, in their classrooms, that it's just as important to care for gums as to care for teeth. They know, too, all about ignor-

ing the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Joan is only one of the thousands of lucky children who have learned that many gum troubles can come from our soft and well-cooked foods. Lack of the hard, natural chewing exercise they need tends to make gums grow tender. And once your gums get that way—watch out for the warning flash of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

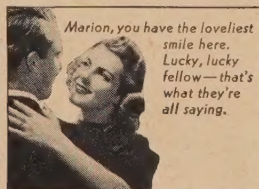
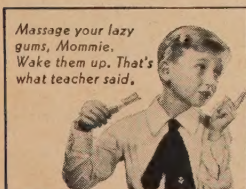
When you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. Quite often his verdict will simply be "another case of lazy gums—gums deprived of ex-

ercise by our modern, soft foods." And, very likely, he'll recommend more vigorous workouts for your gums. And, as so many dentists do, he may advise the "stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

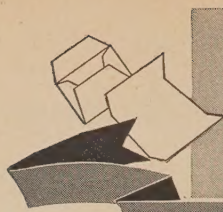
For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, sounder gums—sparkling beauty for your smile.

Keep your Smile Brighter with Ipana and Massage!



Get the new D.D. TOOTH BRUSH —The brush with the TWISTED HANDLE (see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.



Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING



ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

THE OXFORD GROUP MOVEMENT

Do you belong to the Oxford group?

I DO not belong to the Oxford group; I do not intend to join the Oxford group. I do rejoice that this message has crossed the continents and girdled the globe. I think that the opportunity that confronted the Oxford group was the opportunity of our neglect generally. It is in many of its phases as another Wesleyan revival. So long as we in our churches do these things—wait on the Lord, ask for His guidance and follow in the line of His will, we shall not need another group or program.

THE SYSTEM OF PICKETING

Do you think that picketing, I mean the picketing of shops and business houses, really helps labor? Do you not think that there is more and more unfavorable reaction?

I AM inclined to think that there is more and more unfavorable reaction. It would be most unfortunate if all of this would result in a hurt to labor in the United States. I know that in one instance a business man who had a small restaurant near a subway entrance in New York City reported that his trade increased remarkably during a period of picketing.

All of this may go along with misunderstandings between labor groups, the struggles that are not understood by the general public, and a greed that is a temptation to every man, whether he employs labor or whether he is a laborer.

There are, of course, many angles to this one matter. But I do detect in the atmosphere of the general public a growing distaste to picketing.

NO INTEREST IN GIRLS

I am seventeen years old and a senior in high school; and, at a time when most boys my age take great interest in girls, I have none at all. Is there anything I should do so that I may take a more normal interest in them, or should I just forget it?

I DO not think that you need to be anxious. The fact that you feel this concern and embarrassment should be your encouragement.

Allow matters to take their normal course. Cultivate the acquaintance of worthwhile young women. Do not push yourself forward, but prepare yourself for true friendship.

I know of no place which offers better opportunity for a young man to meet young women of the right sort and under right social conditions than the church. Go to church. Identify yourself with the work of young people's societies.

ADMINISTRATION CRITICISM

It seems to me that President Hoover shows very poor taste in criticizing the Administration the way he does. Should we not as patriotic Americans keep still and not rock the boat?

THE trouble is the boat is rocking—and something must be done to steady it a bit.

I think that it was wise and generous for the former President of the United States to remain silent as he did for two years. Of course, one of the hopes of American democracy is in opposition, and in criticism. No man who has occupied high position could in justice to himself and in good conscience as a worthy citizen of the United States, remain silent if he had an honest criticism to offer. The program of every democratic Government is measurably and, I think, worthily affected by honest criticism.

No, I believe that President Hoover is not only *within his right*, but that he is *right* in offering criticism. This does not necessarily mean that I agree with all the criticism.

BILLIONS FOR RECOVERY

What do you think of the proposal to spend another three billion dollars for recovery? Is there any justification for this in sound business economy?

THERE is not! Such an expenditure would be a monumental, inexcusable folly. It would have in it the threat of a major social disaster for the country. Certainly those who would see the present American system destroyed would rejoice in this spectacle. The emergency required heroic measures, but to continue this program would lead toward disaster.

With all our spending as to industrial production and recovery, we are in worse position than Europe. Here are the figures as released from Geneva:

Industrial production in the United States last year, 1938, was 72 per cent, as great as in 1929. It was 77 per cent in France, 90 per cent in Holland, 90 per cent in Canada, 99 per cent in Italy, 116 per cent in the United Kingdom, 117 per cent in Poland, 126 per cent in Germany, 127 per cent in Norway, 135 per cent in Denmark, 139 per cent in Chile, 146 per cent in Sweden, 153 per cent in Finland, 171 per cent in Japan.

In a few of these countries—but in only a few—can this recovery be attributed to increased expenditures for armaments.

No! Let us have done with this colossal fallacy of spending a nation into recovery.

UPON THIS ROCK

A friend of mine quotes the Scripture, "Christ said to Peter . . . upon this rock I will build my church," and then adds, "this very rock where Jesus spoke is the traditional spot in Rome where the Church of St. Peter now stands." What is your opinion?

IT IS really not a matter of opinion.

Christ spoke the words as found in the 16th, 17th, and 18th verses of the 16th Chapter of St. Matthew, not in Rome but at some point in Palestine. Certainly Jesus never visited Rome. I do not believe that any Catholic ecclesiastic or scholar would support this gentleman's position.

It is my own conviction that the rock referred to is not St. Peter or any other person but St. Peter's confession of the faith, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." Jesus acknowledged the confession of Peter, named him the Rock and then said, in effect, "Upon this Rock of eternal truth I will build my church."

I of course recognize the right of others to disagree with me. Finally, it is interesting to note that some of the most distinguished scholars deny or doubt that St. Peter ever visited Rome. Among these are: DuMonbie—1566; Father Hardouin, the Jesuit—1729; DeCormeniu, (Author of the History of Popes); Professor Ellendorf—University of Berlin 1859; and Francis Townetiu.


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Check Yourself for these common signs of Acid Indigestion

- 
- ☐ Heartburn
 - ☐ Nausea
 - ☐ No Appetite
 - ☐ Tired Feeling in Morning
 - ☐ "Logginess"
 - ☐ Sour Stomach
 - ☐ "Acid" Headache
 - ☐ "Gas"

*If You Have any of these Symptoms—
and suspect Acid Indigestion as the Cause—Lose No Time in
"Alkalizing" the Quick, Easy "Phillips" Way. If Trouble Persists
—GO TO YOUR DOCTOR TO FIND THE CAUSE*

DON'T BE ALARMED if you get a low "score" on the above symptoms—and suspect over-acidity as the cause. For now there is a way to relieve even the most annoying symptoms of "acid indigestion"—a way that acts with almost incredible speed—is simple to do—and costs but a few pennies.

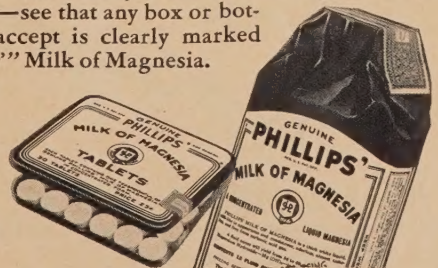
What you do is *alkalize excess stomach acidity* almost instantly this way:

JUST DO THIS—Take 2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia 30 minutes after meals. OR—take 2 Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets, the exact equivalent.

Results are amazing. Often you get relief in a few minutes. Your stomach is alkalized—soothed. Nausea and upset distress quickly disappear. It produces no gas to embarrass you and offend others.

Try it—you'll be glad you did. Get either a bottle of *liquid* Phillips' Milk of Magnesia for home use or get a big box of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets to carry with you—have ready when trouble begins. Only 25c a box. But—see that any box or bottle you accept is clearly marked "Phillips" Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA





How *You* can interest more young people in Sunday School

What happens to your young folks between the ages of 18 and 23?

Most Sunday schools lose many of their young people at this critical age when Sunday-school interests frequently waver. As a shepherd of His flock you have a difficult responsibility to hold these mature youngsters for Christ.

The David C. Cook publications will give you definite help in this task. Keyed to the needs of today's youth, "The Young People's Journal" and the "Young People's Weekly" are

read and enjoyed by thousands. And teachers are being helped week in and week out by the practical Christ-centered teaching helps in "The Young People's Teacher." Together, these three publications are doing much to maintain Sunday-school interest and to encourage Sunday-school attendance. We also have splendid helps for all other age groups. If you have not become aware of the great benefit and low price of all David C. Cook publications, by all means get sample copies and full information at once. They are free for the asking.



*How to
Get Acquainted*

Gentlemen: We are interested
in doing better work with young people ☐
We are interested in the _____ age group ☐
Please send sample copies of your low cost
publications and half-price trial offer.

Name

St., Box or R. R.

City State

Sunday School

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING COMPANY

23L LINCOLN STREET

ELGIN, ILLINOIS



NEWS DIGEST

of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

"ECONOMY CONGRESS" ADJOURNS: After passing, during its recent session, appropriations amounting to \$13,000,000,000—an all-time record during times of peace—Congress finally adjourned, August 5, to return—in some cases, we imagine, with trepidation—to face its respective constituents.

This Congress has been called an Economy Congress; a "defeat-anything-Roosevelt-favors" Congress; and a do-nothing Congress. Careful analysis discloses that none of these terms is strictly accurate.

"The 'economy' appellation needs no further comment. While favoring economy for the other fellow, the majority piled up appropriations far exceeding the Administration's budget.

As to "completely routing and defeating the administration," the facts show that after all the President's measures did not fare so badly. He obtained:

A modified Reorganization Act, under which the shifting and consolidating of government departments has already begun.

His \$2,000,000,000 National Defense bill, in full, with slight opposition.

Continuation of the \$2,000,000,000 stabilization fund.

Extension of his power to devalue the dollar.

His 1940 relief program in full, but with some undesired restrictions.

Authorization for the T.V.A. to issue bonds in order to acquire the private utility companies with which it has been more or less in competition. Both the companies and the T.V.A. authorities were in accord over this measure.

Amendments to the Social Security Act, taking \$900,000,000 off the taxpayers' shoulders.

Establishment of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Library, to be established at Hyde Park, New York, to house the President's messages and state papers, with Congress pledged to maintain it.

He was refused:

A Neutrality Act lifting the mandatory arms embargo.

The \$3,000,000,000 lending program, to which the House refused even consideration.

The \$800,000,000 housing bill.

A total of \$50,000,000, requested for 1939 relief deficiencies, was denied.

The House also launched an investiga-

tion of the N.L.R.B., against the Administration's wishes.

Other major legislation passed, in which the Administration took little part:

The Third Deficiency Bill, carrying a total of \$185,000,000, including \$119,599,918 for farm loans.

The Hatch Bill, prohibiting political activity by all federal jobholders save the top officials.

Money was appropriated to continue the work of two of the most discussed committees—the Dies Committee for the investigation of subversive activities of "Reds" and others; and the Lafollette Civil Liberties Committee.

Put over until the next session were:

Railroad relief legislation.

Revision of the farm program, Amendment of the Wagner Labor Relations Act, and the Wage-Hour Law.

The National Health Program.

On the whole, this proves to have been far from a do-nothing Congress. Some of the measures, notably junking the Undistributed Profits Tax, were specifically intended to encourage business, and induce it to put men back to work in private industry. How that works out will undoubtedly have much influence on the acts of the next session.

WASHINGTON: As Congress continued to struggle with its snarled legislative program, several new appointments came before it, due to resignations and the filling of new offices, caused by shifts and consolidations under the recently-passed Reorganization Act. Most spectacular and provocative of these appointments was the designating of Paul V. McNutt, late High Commissioner of the Philippines, and avowed Presidential candidate, as Federal Security Administrator. He will not only handle the Social Security Administration, but the C.C.C. and several others. Succeeding him as Philippine Commissioner is Frances B. Sayre, son-in-law of former President Wilson. Mr. Sayre has been assistant Secretary of State, and is one of our all-too-scarce career men. Jesse Jones becomes head of the new Federal Loan Agency, which embraces not only the RFC, but a number of other lending agencies, including the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, the Export-Import Bank, etc. And at the head of the new Fed-

eral Works Agency, which combines the old PWA, WPA, U. S. Housing Authority and several others, is John Michael Carmody, late Chief of the Rural Electrification Administration. Succeeding Frank R. McNinch as head of the Federal Communications Commission is James Lawrence Fly, General Counsel of the TVA since 1937. While there has been some criticisms of a few of these appointments, on the whole they have been very well received. About the appointment of William J. Patterson to be Member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, however, there seems to be nothing but praise. Mr. Patterson, appointed when opposition compelled the withdrawal of the name of Thomas R. Amlie, is a former railroad brakeman, and for many years director of the Bureau of Public Safety.

STATE DEPARTMENT'S BOMBSHELL:

As many Britons were gasping in astonishment over their government's apparent surrender to the Japanese and acceding to their demands, and as the Japanese were correspondingly elated, Secretary Hull, the quietest and least spectacular of men, caused the Japanese to gasp in their turn when he announced, out of a clear sky, that the United States proposes to abrogate the present commercial treaty between it and Japan as soon as the required interval of six months has elapsed. The approval of the abrogation in the United States was as pronounced as the consternation of the Japanese. Many expressions in favor of a rigid embargo against Japan were heard. The effect of such an embargo would be well-nigh fatal to Japan's chances in China, already by no means as bright as they profess. They have been getting machinery, scrap iron, and the bulk of their other war materials from this country. To shut them off, even six months from now, would do them tremendous harm.

TO EMBARGO SILVER AND GOLD?

Of even more serious consequences to Nippon would be the stoppage of purchases of gold and silver bullion from that country, as Secretary Morgenthau has hinted. Japan has been financing her purchases in this country with American dollars, obtained by the sale here of gold and silver mined in her own territory. Already hard-pressed financially, it is hard



GET OUT—AND STAY OUT!

to see how she could long carry on if deprived of this all-important supply of necessary dollar exchange.

POLITICS: Nobody knows, as yet, who the nominees of either party will be next year, but things are beginning to shape up so that seasoned observers are venturing some guesses. The best-informed of these observers privately predict:

That President Roosevelt will not be a candidate for a third term.

That neither Garner, McNutt, nor any of the other avowed candidates will be nominated by the Democrats. That, if Garner should be nominated, he could not win, for he would lose the all-important labor vote, and the Negro vote, so helpful to Roosevelt.

That a "dark horse" will win. There is beginning to be talk of Senator Wheeler of Montana as a compromise candidate, acceptable to both factions of the Democrats.

That, although Thomas E. Dewey is still much talked of as Republican nominee, the G.O.P., too, will nominate a dark horse. House minority leader Martin is being suggested.

These are merely opinions privately expressed at the Capital. Take them or leave them.

STRIKES: An outburst of strikes, especially in the automobile industry, has plagued the country this summer. At Cleveland, where a determined strike occurred in the Fisher Body plant, there was for a time considerable violence, caused by attempts of pickets to manhandle non-strikers. Finally, however, a courageous Mayor proclaimed a "Riot Zone" around the plant, and ordered the strikers to approach no nearer than 500 feet. The strikers obeyed, and as this is written, things have become quieter. There was serious trouble also in Detroit, where C.I.O. workers were striking against Gen-

eral Motors. At one time the strikers assaulted the police with brickbats, and several were seriously injured before the pickets were finally driven back. As this is written, however, a settlement has been achieved.

HATCH BILL PASSED: Soon after the 1938 elections, complaints poured into Congress of improper political activities by certain employees of the Government, and coercion of WPA workers and persons receiving aid from the Federal Government in various forms. Congress appointed a committee, headed by Senator Sheppard, to investigate. This committee made a searching and apparently conscientious report, to the effect that it had discovered numerous instances of such abuses. As a result, Senator Hatch, of New Mexico (one of the states where the abuses had been most flagrant,) offered a bill intended to put an end to the pernicious practices. That bill failed of passage at the last session, but during the present session it soon became evident that it had overwhelming support. Late in July it was passed by both houses and sent to the President. There was some doubt whether Mr. Roosevelt would sign it; but on August 2d he affixed his signature, and sent it to the Congress, with a special message, in which he pointed out, among other things, some defects of the law which should be corrected by later legislation, but added that "it is my hope that, properly administered, the measure can be made an effective instrument of good government." The bill is not perfect, of course, but it is believed that it will go a long way toward "preventing pernicious political activities and restricting campaign efforts of rank and file Federal employees." As the *New York Times* says, editorially, "Enforcement will be no easy or automatic matter. But the mere existence of the Hatch Bill should at least remove the more obvious and flagrant abuses toward which it is directed."

NATIONWIDE CRIME DRIVE: After six years of careful preparation, resulting in more than 100,000 pages of written evidence and a searching study of the crime situation throughout the country, the Department of Justice has announced that it is ready to begin the most extensive drive against crime and criminals it has ever conducted. G men will, of course, handle the actual work of tracking down and arresting the crooks. U. S. Attorney Cahill, of New York City, will be in direct charge of the drive, but every U. S. Attorney in the country will be actively engaged, and cooperation will be sought from state and city prosecuting officials. The methods which proved successful in eventually breaking up the Dillinger gang will be used.

BRAVE BOY SCOUT: Donn Fendler, 12, from Rye, N. Y., was at a Boys' Camp in Maine. The boys climbed Mt. Katahdin. Donn climbed clear to the top. But when he started down, he got lost in the thick woods and couldn't find his way back to camp. For eight days he wandered, living on berries, his clothing torn off by thorns, his body tortured by insects. But he struggled on, with a grit that the whole country admired. And it was his Boy Scout training that finally saved him. He came to a little stream, followed it, saw a telephone line, followed that—and, almost dead, came to a camp, thirty-five miles from where he started. So he was fed, and cared for, until his parents came.

What would have happened to little Donn, if he had not had a Scout's training in woodcraft?

"MAIL-O-MAT": The latest in coin-operated devices is the "Mail-o-mat," installed experimentally in the New York General Post Office. One wishing to stamp and mail letters, no longer need stand in line for stamps, then go to the trouble of stamping and dropping them in the letter drops. Instead, you simply put your letters in the Mail-o-mat, insert the required amount of postage—then go home; the machine stamps the letters and deposits them where carriers pick them up.

Now, if some one will invent a machine which will also write the letters, this editor would surely welcome it.

WORLD'S FAIR: Despite overly-optimistic advance estimates of attendance at the New York World's Fair, the daily attendance has been large—far larger than that at any previous exposition. And the Fair, itself, is beyond description. It is beautiful, complete, colossal, magnificent—pick out all the superlatives you can find in the dictionary, and use them all—you will still fall short of describing this wonderful exposition. If all of us should live another century, we should never see anything like this again. Do not be misled by false reports about high costs. Meals, etc., can be had on the grounds just as cheaply as you want them. My personal advice to you is—by all means see the Fair.

HERMAN C. WEBER PASSES: Dr. Herman Carl Weber died at his home in East Orange, New Jersey, July 26th. Dr. Weber was well known to Christian Her-

ald readers, as the able statistician who succeeded Dr. Kieffer as author of the Christian Herald Annual Report on Church Membership. He was also Secretary of the General Council of Presbyterian Churches in America, and editor of the well-known Year Book of American Churches. Active, able and conscientious, he will be missed.

ABROAD

ENGLAND: John Bull is slow to get mad—but when he does, he acts. One of his latest irritants has been the I.R.A.—not a U. S. Administration agency, but an illegal organization whose full name is the Irish Republican Army. The object of the I.R.A. is to drive the English out of Ireland completely, compel Northern Ireland—now separate—to unite with the Irish Republic, and set up a completely unified and independent Irish nation. But they made the mistake of adapting terrorism as their chief method of frightening England. Bombs were dropped on railway stations and several other places, killing several people. You shouldn't try that with John Bull. Parliament, in less than three hours, rushed through some stern and stringent measures. Every known or suspected I.R.A. member was loaded on trains or ships, and packed off to Ireland. Many fled to escape arrest. So that, instead of driving the English out of Ireland, they have succeeded only in driving the Irish out of England—a sort of "reverse English," if you will excuse a bad pun.

WHY ENGLAND REARMS: The I.R.A. is just a pinprick, compared with the British Empire's other worries. Not only is Hitler a constant source of anxiety—and a real threat—but Japan openly boasts that if England doesn't get out of China voluntarily, the Japs will throw her out, bodily; and at almost every point in the far-flung Empire there are danger spots. Franco, in Spain shows signs of joining the "Axis," and seizing Gibraltar. Mussolini wants a share of the Suez Canal. If that is not given him, then, in case of a general war, he would attempt to seize it. But England *must* control the Canal, else her Asiatic possession and trade would be cut off. The Arabs, too, threaten to join the Axis, because of dissatisfaction over Palestine. And the Arabs could cause a lot of trouble, were England seriously involved elsewhere. In India, revolt is constantly discussed, even threatened. The Japanese have, arrogantly, blockaded Hong Kong for two weeks, and threaten to cut it off completely if England does not cease aiding China. Fully aware of all these dangers, England is adding, enormously, to her armaments, of all kinds. Conscription has been adopted for her army. Airplanes, naval vessels, the latest in tanks, guns, equipment of all kinds, are being made in increasing quantities; it is confidently asserted that already Germany's boasted superiority in the air has been overcome. And of course Hitler cannot hope to rival the British Navy. Too, if the almost-achieved agreement with Russia goes through, the Allied armies will

far surpass the combined forces of Germany, Italy, and Spain—if Franco does join the Axis.

It is never wise to underestimate England's power, or her courage and determination, once she is aroused—as the Axis will find out if it starts trouble.

SPAIN: Franco is going through the usual experience of the victor who has devastated the country and exhausted the resources of his opponents. The peseta had fallen to about nine cents, American money. The average wages of workmen is therefore eighty-one cents a day—but food has skyrocketed; an ordinary meal in a restaurant costs ten pesetas—ninety cents. Food is scarce everywhere, though fruit is plentiful; this despite the fact that Franco held the best farming sections of Spain for two years. Butter can be eaten only twice a week, even by the well-to-do. The wartime slogan, "Cheap bread for the masses" has proved a hoax. Bread is high—and black at that—never white. It is almost impossible to travel Spanish roads today without a car, yet gasoline is fifty cents a gallon. Nor is all peace and quiet. There is heated rivalry, sometimes worse, between the Falangistas, that is the Fascists, and the workers and farmers. In this situation, Franco seems turning to the Axis, and reports have it that he will soon join them. The Spanish army would be an addition to the Axis forces by no means negligible.

Meantime, no one believes that Hitler and Mussolini will remain content without some sort of recompense for the aid they gave Franco. Just what that recompense will be is not hard to guess. As this is written, we read that Franco has been invited to visit Rome; then we may find out something more definite.

THE REST OF EUROPE: A German spokesman said, very coolly, that the Reich hoped that British pressure would force the Poles to yield Danzig to Germany—thus implying plainly that they did not believe that Mr. Chamberlain meant to keep his promise to back Poland. That is, the Nazi powers expect the Western Powers to treat Poland as they treated Czechoslovakia. . . . Mr. Robert S. Hudson, British Secretary of Overseas Trade, startled the British and deeply offended the Nazis by proposing a huge loan to Germany to help her out of her troubles and induce her to keep the peace. . . . Holland is not unmindful of the threat that war holds for her; but she relies upon the breaking of canals and sea dikes to defend her land. All along her German borders are canals and canalized rivers whose dikes hold back immense volumes of water. Should these dikes be broken, the land would be so flooded that advance by a German army would be next to impossible. . . . Elsewhere, there is one answer, and one only, to the question, "Why are you alarmed—why are you holding such extensive war maneuvers?" And the one word, given in reply, is "Hitler." Poland is, nominally at least, teamed up with France; Rumania and Turkey are for the moment, in agreement. Elsewhere the question is whether the other Balkan states will join the Axis Powers—and it is by no means certain that the answer will be "No."

IN CHINA: Meanwhile England and Japan continue to negotiate in Tokio, and to draw nearer to swords' points in China. The rather humiliating promise of the British Ambassador to recognize Japan's "special requirements" in North China, instead of placating the Japanese, have brought continually increased pressure, demands, and provocations. It is difficult to fathom Japan's motive. Of course, all the world now knows that the army feels no obligation to respect any of Tokio's agreements. Otherwise the war has apparently reached a stalemate in China; both sides are practically at a standstill, the occasional reports of battles being, apparently, mostly "heat lightning."

And at the same time the Russian Bear is showing signs of rising to his feet. Already growling, he has Japan worried, if not frightened. With the frequent clashes in the island of Sakhalien, the situation looks increasingly ominous.

ENGLAND'S PRESTIGE—AND AMERICA'S: There can be no question that for the moment England has "lost face" in Asia, because of her apparent surrender to Japan's demands. At the same time the prestige of the United States has been very greatly increased, by her vigorous abrogation of the commercial treaty, and still more by her stern demand that Japan cease maltreating U. S. citizens, destroying American property, and violating plain agreements. Of late, England is showing a disposition to stiffen her resistance. Apparently concluding that no agreement with Tokio means anything to the army leaders, she has made some pretty stern representations herself; and has backed them up by transferring thousands of troops from India to the



HEYWOOD BROUN, FAMOUS NEWSPAPER WRITER AND COLUMNIST

What he says:

"In all these controversies, domestic and international, there must come a time when the line is drawn and all within the structure are challenged with the question, 'Are you ready to fight it out here?' There must be a line somewhere."

By permission Mr. Broun and N. Y. World Telegram

Malay Peninsula, nearer to China; by strengthening her defenses in Hong Kong and Singapore, and by instituting conscription in Hong Kong. She also hints that she may follow the example of this country by abrogating her commercial treaty with Japan. That might restore some of her "lost face." Thus things seem to draw nearer to the long-expected showdown in the Far East.

CHURCH NEWS

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST: Twenty members of this active and courageous denomination who are students at Yale Divinity School, heard another Disciple minister, Rev. Waymon Parson, of Woodmont, Connecticut, deliver the address to the graduating class of the Divinity School last June. And that address caused something of a sensation, for among other things Dr. Parsons said: "Should man's glorious achievement on Flushing Bay actually become the World of Tomorrow, it would not necessarily mean that the Kingdom of God had come. . . . There seems to be an unconscious idolatry of means in all this thought of the future. . . . We seem to have here the *heresy* of means and the *apostasy* of ends." We should think that over carefully.

The Disciples do not fear to go on record against anything of which they disapprove. In Little Rock, Arkansas, for instance, the School Board had voted to establish a unit of the Junior R.O.T.C. in the Little Rock High School. An open hearing was held, and several Disciples, among others, protested strongly against military training in the schools. Dr. Sias, Pastor of the First Church was especially persistent in his opposition, and though the Board disregarded the protest, he gave them something to think about.

MENNONITES: To the Towamencin meeting house, near Lansdale, Pennsylvania, founded in 1725, more than 500 Mennonites came recently to choose a new minister. Overflowing the little church, these picturesque farmers, the men in round black hats, the women in white summer bonnets, prayed two hours for Divine guidance. Then the two presiding bishops placed four Bibles on the pulpit—there being four candidates for the position of assistant pastor—and in each Bible was a slip of paper. As each of the first three candidates drew blanks, the Bishops chanted, "Thou art free." But when William Anders, aged 23, a farmer with no clerical training, chose a slip containing a Biblical quotation, the Bishops said, "Thou art chosen." Anders will receive no pay, and his divinely appointed mission will last his lifetime.

Thus was the age-old Mennonite ceremony of "casting the lot" completed. Solemn, impressive—and sincere.

CHRISTIAN REFORMED: In the future, ministers of the Christian Reformed Church will receive a pension after they have reached the age of 70. Under the plan adopted by the synod of the Church, each minister will be required to con-

tribute three per cent of his annual salary to a pension board until he reaches 70. On retirement, the pensioner will receive two-fifths of the annual salary received by active ministers. The question intrudes itself, "What is to become of the numerous ministers who are shelved at the age of 65, or even at 60?"

SALVATION ARMY: Radical changes in the present system of directing the affairs of the Salvation Army will be made, if a proposal made by members of the Army's High Council is adopted. General Evangeline Booth is to retire October 31 under the age limit. The new plan is for the General-elect, whoever he may be, to turn over, voluntarily, some



HERBERT H. LEHMAN, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

What he says:

"We in this beloved land of ours maintain a strong defense in the two great commands found both in the Old Testament and the New: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,' and 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Those commands have guided the civilized world for thousands of years. They constitute the soul of American democracy. American democracy will live so long as the commands are not forgotten."

of his prerogatives to an elected Army Council, which would be empowered to amend regulations, veto suggested developments, supervise Army finance, and control promotions. At present, the Commander's legal powers cannot be taken from him without his consent.

So the heaven of Democracy is working in many fields. So, alas, is the blight of Dictatorship.

THE BIBLE AT THE FAIR: Between four and five thousand people, from all parts of the United States, Canada, and Europe, visit the exhibit of the American Bible Society at the New York World's Fair every day, it is asserted by those in

charge of the exhibit. Bibles ranging in value from sixty cents to several thousand dollars are on display. Among the latter are included the first Bible ever printed in England, and an old Greek copy dating back to 1600. Also on exhibit is a twenty-volume Braille edition of the Bible. Produced at a cost of forty-seven dollars, the edition is sold at the price of five dollars.

"My word shall not pass away."

TEMPERANCE

WHO PAYS?: You may recall that the wets of the State of New York were rather loud, just before repeal, in crying that "People out in Kansas and California haven't any right to force prohibition on New York." Maybe not. But it seems now that the people out in Kansas and California have a counter-kick coming; they might be crying, "The New York wets haven't any right to make us suffer for their alcoholism."

New York itself has plenty of alcoholism: Bellevue hospital alone admits more than 1000 alcoholics per month. But that isn't the worst of it. Some four per cent of the population of *this whole country* sooner or later suffer mental breakdowns; of these, almost five per cent when admitted to institutions have an alcoholic psychosis. Almost another five per cent of the mental hospital population consists of alcoholics without psychoses. Thus, *alcohol is responsible for approximately ten per cent of all U. S. admissions to mental hospitals.*

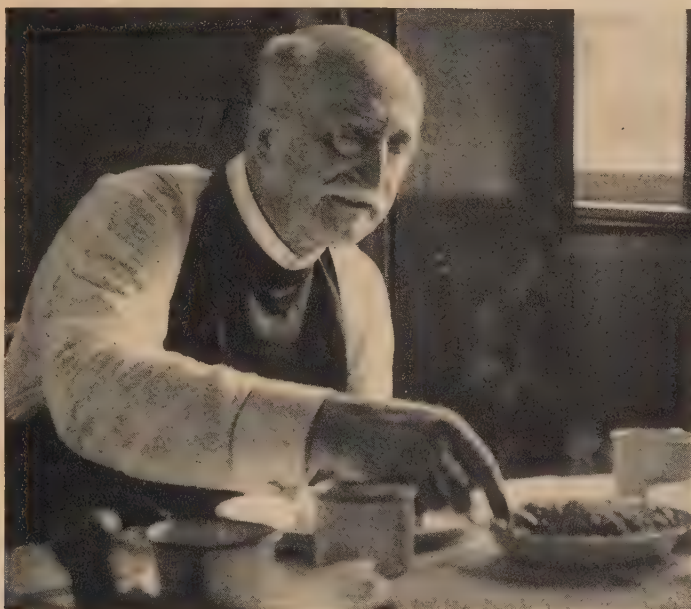
It might be a good idea to have New York and the other ardently wet areas foot the bill for the whole ten per cent. It isn't quite "cricket" to force the dry innocents to pay for their wet sins.

LIQUOR IN THE HOLY LAND: The Protestant churches of Great Britain are becoming deeply concerned over the increase in importations of alcoholic liquor into Palestine. Drunkenness is becoming prevalent there, and houses for the sale of liquor are defiling the ancient streets of sacred memory. That's odd—and a new development.

Some say the radical young Jews pouring into Palestine are responsible for it; they must be the young ones, for the older Jew in Palestine never had such a problem as this. And it can't be the Moslem who is responsible, for his religion forces abstinence upon him. Can it be the Christian (?) European?

OUTSIDE, INSIDE: It is possible, of course, that the liquor men in America may defeat their own ends. That seems to be happening in Pennsylvania, where there has been a decrease in sales at the 580 state stores this year that will amount to between five and six million dollars. But while that is happening inside, we have to remember that there are still those outside the country who are only too glad to pour booze upon us, whatever happens to local industry. It is estimated that the flood of Scotch whiskey from abroad is 400 per cent greater than at any time during Prohibition.

FAME comes to the Country Preacher



His Story
"FORTY YEARS A
COUNTRY PREACHER"
will start in
CHRISTIAN HERALD
October Issue

The most talked of Story of the Year

WHEN the Rev. George B. Gilbert awoke on the morning of July 6th, he found he had become famous overnight. For forty years he had gone about the Master's business quietly, thoroughly and cheerfully. Fame, even recognition for his work among his people of the countryside, caused him little concern. Here were people to be helped; here were people who needed the message of Christ. He gave them both.

This year had not been different from any other year. Certainly nothing had happened that was spectacular or unusual. Yet he awoke to see his name and picture spread before the world.

Why? Because he had been selected as the typical Country Preacher? No. Rather because America is ready at last to give to such a man the same measure of recognition that has been given to many men of more spectacular but less important achievements.

Never, previous to publication, has a story been hailed more universally than has this life story of the typical Country Preacher. Newspapers all over the nation have printed pictures of Gilbert (usually showing him cutting a boy's hair). *Time Magazine* (July 10th) gave more than a column to the selection of Gilbert as the Typical Country Preacher. *Life Magazine* (July 24th) published three pages of pictures, together with a running

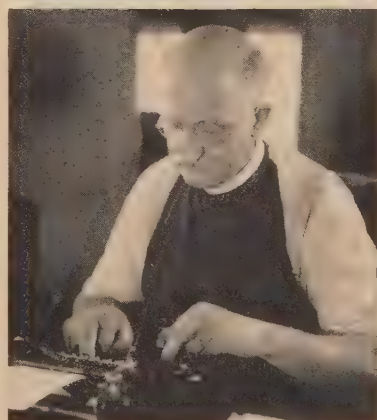
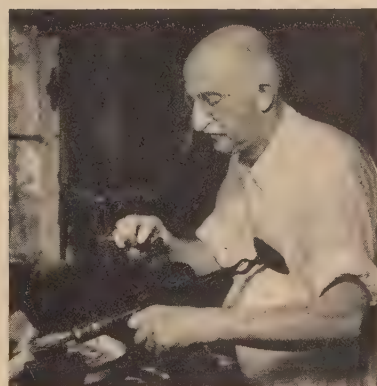
article. Several of the largest and most prominent magazines have sought the serial rights—he has been asked to speak on the radio—even the motion picture companies are angling for the privilege of using the story as a basis for a feature picture.

These people didn't even know what we now know—that the story itself justifies every bit of the excitement it has caused. It is nearly completed and *Christian Herald* subscribers have a rare treat in store for them.

After the editor of *Life Magazine* read the first chapter, he wrote in the article about Gilbert, "He is so far, one superb chapter along on the book."

No better word could be used than superb. One only needs to look at a picture of George Gilbert (he doesn't like to be called Doctor—prefers Parson) to know that he has a sense of humor so close to the surface that it is apt to bubble over at any minute. His story is so full of amusing incidents that we could hear the editorial staff laughing out loud as they read it. And what pictures! Hundreds of them—of the people and scenes punctuating his forty-year pastorate.

But do not get the idea that this is a caricature of the Country Preacher; the deep underlying enthusiasm of a man for his job—the job of ministering to the souls of his (Continued on page 63)



Here is the Country Preacher in some of his accustomed daily occupations. Top, sharing his simple meal with a parishioner. Center, running a hand drill in his work shop. Bottom, pecking out a sermon—with two fingers—on his portable typewriter. Photos by Pix

CHURCH OF THE PRESIDENTS
QUINCY, MASS.



Christian Faith

By

GRACE
NOLL
CROWELL

The Christian Faith still holds within its power
The mighty moving forces of the world,
It is like a light that burns in some high tower;
It is like a bright flag suddenly unfurled;
It is like a clean wind blowing out of heaven;
It is like all wonder-things that have sufficed
To lift the hearts of men—it is the leaven
That draws us heavenward, for it is CHRIST.

A perfect pattern for the coming ages,
And for the past—the Man of Galilee,
And none of all the prophets and the sages
Who have trod the earth through any century
Have raised the standard set by Christ those days
He walked with men along the common ways.

September

1939



CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



Lively Librarian

Step up and meet Mr. Clarence W. Sumner, of Youngstown, Ohio—crusader for culture and active campaigner for the restoration of that ancient institution, Mother's Knee

By Clarence W. Hall

WHEN the learned gentlemen who compiled that estimable work, the modern dictionary, put their heads together, they decided that a public library is "an institution for the custody and control of books." And let it go at that.

But over in Youngstown, Ohio, there's a man for whom that definition is too thin. His name is Clarence Wesley Sumner, and he is chief of the library system of that bustling city where steel is king. To him a public library is more than a convenient cloister for bored students and a few bookish people; it is an active engine for character-building, a broadcasting station

for culture, a field headquarters for a relentless campaign against illiteracy.

A librarian with a background of thirty-five years of introducing people to books and books to people, Sumner has always had progressive ideas about his profession. The idea of filling a nice building with a lot of nice books and then sitting back and, with a "take-it-or-leave-it" attitude, waiting for the patrons to come in, has never appealed to him. He combines the average librarian's appreciation for the culture on tap at his place of business with the publicist's methods of advertising and the evangelist's fervor for going out and compelling 'em to come in.

All his life Sumner has been that way about books. And his magnificent obsession to make his library a real service unit to his town has given him a pioneer's fame in the library world. Many of his new wrinkles for expanding the influence of his institution have become established styles among his associates.

For example, when he was librarian at the University of North Dakota, back in 1915, he inaugurated a state-wide book service, sending out "package libraries" all over the state, building the library to twice the size of any other in North Dakota, and more than doubling its book circulation.

A few years later, in Sioux City, Iowa, he innovated "hospital library" service as a permanent part of the public library's extension work, equipping his assistants with a bedside manner and a book-laden pushcart, and lending more than 300,000 volumes to patients in six years. This idea, by the way, was later adopted in library circles all over the world, has led directly to the training in hospital library technique now being given in most library schools, and has secured him a reserved seat

among the famous in "Who's Who."

But it is Sumner's latest fad—his "Mothers' Room" at the Youngstown library, which he has served for the past thirteen years—that bids fair to give him his widest reputation as the library world's fashion-plate. And it is this new wrinkle, now three and a half years old, that is credited with being the main reason why Youngstown—a city of steel mills, and populated largely with people of foreign extraction—is probably the most "library-conscious" city in the world, with one out of every three of its 170,000 souls a regular patron of the main library and its branches.

Let's take a look at this "Mothers' Room." At almost any time between the hours of nine A.M. and nine P.M., the library's business hours, you will find the circulation and reference rooms a buzzing beehive of activity. But to get to the Mothers' Room you have to go upstairs, where, located in a quiet wing removed from the essential busy-ness and institutional atmosphere of a general circulation department, you find the room.

It is as unlike the average library reading room as dad's den is unlike the stockholders' board room in a bank. It resembles a cozy but commodious living room at home. There are bright chintz curtains and Venetian blinds at the windows; deep rugs on the floor; soft, comfortable maple furniture upholstered in warm rust, greens and browns; colorful indirect lamps; inviting davenports and easy chairs. On the tables are magazines galore for parents and children. And on the low, easily reached shelves that line the wall are books suited to every tot's taste: big books, little books, gay books, "pop-up" books—all carefully selected from the world's best titles. No fewer than 5,000 volumes are available, and while a few are new and shiny in their colorful jackets, most of them have the appearance of books that have been out and around quite a lot.

One side of the room is devoted to books and pamphlets on parent education, child care and training. Here mothers who want ideas on how to decorate the nursery, prepare vegetables for baby, correct tantrums, reveal the facts of life, or tell the truth about Santa Claus can get help. The room is staffed by a corps of ladies skilled in the art of imparting knowledge not only painlessly but excitingly. They welcome their patrons with gracious hospitality and eagerness to help. There is none of the fussy clamor for silence that pervades, necessarily, the general reading rooms of most libraries. And yet the room is far from bedlam.

You sink down into one of the easy chairs and look about you at the patrons. Nearby, on one of the davenports, sits a mother between her two tots; she's reading to them from a pile of books recommended by a library assistant. At one of the shelves across the room a group of children, between the ages of two and five, are avidly making their own selections, emitting little squeals of delight at the gay illustrations and "pop-ups." Around a softly lighted table in the mother's corner a quartet of young mothers are earnestly discussing some deep problem of child psychology. Over in another corner is a father and his three-year-old son, the man reading from Kipling's "Just



So Stories," the boy listening with wide eyes; it's hard to tell which is getting the greater kick out of it.

"Incidentally," says Sumner, "almost as many fathers as mothers come to this room. Many of the fathers are men from the steel mills, and not a few are foreign born. The superintendents in the factories and mills encourage the practice; fathers staying at home nights to read to their youngsters are considered better risks as workers than the kind that spend their off hours in taverns and pool halls."

Casually question some of the parents who are here with their children. You will find many of them—their own adult life having demonstrated the need of a back-

ground of literature and the new and beautiful worlds it reveals—wistfully pathetic in their eagerness to open doors they, as youngsters, never knew existed. Moreover, most of them will tell you that the Mothers' Room program is doing much more than helping them to cultivate a love for reading in their little ones. It is helping to establish a closer bond, a new and gay spirit of comradeship, between them and their children. That is important, too. For any agency in these hectic days that takes another hitch in the family tie or adds another log to the home fires is not to be despised.

Sitting here and watching the patrons' interest in this project, you are not sur-



How C. W. Sumner (left) Chief Librarian of Youngstown, Ohio, makes the children and their mothers book-conscious. On facing page, top, some tots absorbed in story-picture books, and bottom, how adults help small children learn to love reading. On this page, center, the Youngstown Institute in session, and, bottom, Mr. Sumner's pride and his most successful achievement, the Mother's Room in the main library building



is enthusiastically backed by Youngstown's schools, churches, P-T. A. groups, civic clubs and associations, newspapers and radios. You begin to echo the sentiment of Dr. Garry Cleveland Myers, editor-in-chief of *Children's Activities* and head of the Department of Parent Education, Western Reserve University, as he says: "I consider the Mothers' Room of the Youngstown Public Library one of the most significant contributions to parent education, if not to education in general, in my memory." And you express a loud amen to Angelo Patri's appraisal of the project as "an idea so rich in potentialities

tation of that ancient institution, the mother's knee.

Clarence Sumner had not been observing the reading habits of his fellows very long before he realized that the growth of strong character and the affinity for good books go hand in hand. But his three decades of library work also taught him that people don't habitually read good books unless they have been taught to love them—and taught early. Nothing particularly original about that, of course; educators clear back to Plato have been tossing off platitudes about the importance of planting in childhood what you want to see flowering in manhood. But Sumner's method goes them one better. To those interested in laying in their children that which will give them a love for books and reading, his bugle call is: "*Begin in babyhood!*"

In his scheme, though it is based on the soundest psychology, there is nothing of the high-brow or academically impractical. Sumner isn't advocating "encyclopedia for the cradle and a volume of Schopenhauer with every layette," nor is he trying to turn babies into bookworms. He is simply showing parents how, by a systematic practice of reading to their children, they may cultivate in their little ones an abiding taste for reading. In common with most educators, he believes that the first five years are not only the most impressionable of a child's life, but they too frequently have been years that the locusts of sloth have eaten. He would make mother's knee not merely an occasional shrine but a step by step workshop for mind- and character-building.

"Most mothers sing or read to their babies," he says. "But they are not systematic or regular about it. Many do not know what to read to their children, or how most successfully to impress them with the imaginative qualities of the book being read. It is the aim of the Mothers' Room to give parents an intelligent, progressive, day-by-day program—together with concrete and practical materials—that will help them to make the love of books and reading a part of the child's nature, and this long before the child is old enough to read for himself."

Like every pioneer, Sumner is a passionate crusader for the thing he believes in. Give him half an opening and he will wax eloquent over the tendency of parents to go dafty on diet, hilarious on health and fluent about frocks while they remain complacent and cold to the subject of doing something about their child's mind. "The health and care of the child must, of course, come first," he concedes, "and parents, teachers, doctors, nurses and social workers are all striving to see that every little one gets a sound body. This is as it should be. But what about a natural and enduring love of books and reading? Is not every child entitled to its birthright in this respect? Is this of so little importance that we should allow it to become a mere chance affair? Why do so many mothers allow the water to run over the dam for these first five years, when it is then that the mind can best be stimulated, the imagination awakened and the love of the beautiful and worthwhile implanted? It doesn't make sense."

Well, you may not be able to answer Sumner's questions as to the why of this (Continued on page 48)



prised to learn that the present average circulation in this room alone is 2,500 books a month. Nor, when you catch the underlying purpose of the Mothers' Room, are you surprised to find that the project

that one must hope that it spreads throughout the country."


Well, what exactly is this mysterious underlying purpose?

Briefly it is a program for the rehabili-

At right, a meeting of the Board of Directors, Junior Achievement Co., at headquarters in New York City

By

STANLEY HIGH

 THE best defense of the American system of business is an understanding of it. It is chiefly for lack of that understanding that the various groups which are essential to the operation of our economic system—capital, management, labor, the public—have frequently of late been divided into different and often hostile camps. To get them together again in recognition of their respective responsibilities and their co-operative relationship ought to be the major objective of those who desire that our economic system shall turn out a maximum of those material and human values of which it is capable.

One of the first and most notable efforts to establish such an understanding is found in the program of Junior Achievement.

As long as twenty years ago prominent business men realized that American business had provided no attractive training ground for American youth. Young men and women got only a fragmentary view, at best, of what it was like to finance and equip a company, sell stock, meet a payroll, and distribute goods. They saw only one problem at a time and they understood few if any of the sundry operations that go on in business every day.

Why not form real companies among youngsters and let them discover what business is like in all departments? Why not give them a means of learning business initiative and enterprise? Horace A. Moses, head of the Strathmore Paper Company, asked himself these questions, and together with the late Theodore N. Vail, he set about to answer them. The result was the beginning of Junior Achievement, Inc.—an organization through which today some 15,000 young people, sixteen to twenty-one, are learning, by experience, just what makes the wheels of our economy go around and, by doing it, just what it takes to turn them.

These 15,000 young people are organized in 1000 companies of their own. Each company is a complete economic unit, in the success or failure of which each member has a vital stake. And through these companies he runs into all the problems that face large-scale enterprises and has abundant opportunity for resourcefulness.

Most starting companies go in for the manufacture of products which require little expenditure for equipment, frequently plastic ash trays, belt initials, book ends. With success, however, they quickly expand. A Pittsburgh company, in the course of selling its goods, uncovered a



GROWING UP

demand for wooden garden accessories. It forthwith floated a stock issue to cover new equipment, bought a circular saw, an oldtime foot-powered jig saw, a lathe, and began to turn out window screens, door stops, garden and lawn ornaments. Business boomed. Six weeks after going into this new line, the stock in this company had jumped to more than ten times its original value. I visited a plant which, having started in on inexpensive items, had extended its operations, with prosperity, to the manufacture of pewterware and wrought iron products. Its equipment—so the nineteen-year-old General Manager explained—was valued at more than \$300 and the “book value” of its stock was three and one-half times the original investment.

For a while Junior Achievement was confined to New England. Ten years ago the national offices were moved to New York and plans were laid to extend the movement throughout the nation. How well the idea has caught on is indicated by the fact that the national offices have requests on hand for the establishment of over 4500 additional companies!

Today some of the busiest men in American industry are giving their time and money and advice to national headquarters and the proper setup of the Junior Achievement companies. Bayard S. Colgate, head of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peat Company, is chairman of the national board. Its directors include Charles R. Hook, president of American Rolling Mills Company, Louis K. Liggett, President of the United Drug Company, A. W. Robertson, Chairman of the Board of Westinghouse, R. W. Moore, President of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Robert Lund, of Lambert Pharmacal Co., and others. Furthermore, there are 3000 adult business men giving time as adult advisers to the local companies, offering help in organization and in the technical problems that arise.

This year the gross sales of all Junior Achievement companies will reach \$75,000. But this large-scale production is not an end; it is a means. A Junior Achievement company is not, in itself, an agency of self-support. It is, rather, a school of experience. Very few of its graduates actually go into the trades they learn in Junior Achievement. Its pri-



IN BUSINESS



In first column, top, League member showing his work to Bayard Colgate. Below, a young craftsman at work. In second column, top, Ornamental Gift Shop in one of the League plants. Below that, mending a penguin wall plaque. At bottom of page, awarding a cup to the Nick Nack Shop, New York City

mary aim is not to teach a trade but to teach business. That lesson is learned, not out of books, but by being business men and women.

The appeal of Junior Achievement and its accomplishments are largely a result of the down-to-earth nature of its program. For the propaganda method, it substitutes the laboratory method. Instead of handouts, it offers workouts. The young person in Junior Achievement is an apprentice. His apprenticeship is not to any particular trade—although in the course of his membership he will probably learn one. His apprenticeship, rather, is to American business. Junior Achievement is Big Business scaled down to the resources and spare time of young Americans. It runs the whole gamut of business experience.

The "incorporation" of a Junior Achievement company requires, first of all, a group of "interested parties"—generally young people living in the same neighborhood. They agree, after consultation with national headquarters, that they could profitably engage in the manufacture of a certain product. For that purpose, they enter into a partnership, choose three adult advisers, elect a president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer and production and sales managers, and apply to headquarters for a "charter of incorporation." If an investigation of the proposed company and its production plans is satisfactory, a charter is formally issued—and hung, well framed, on the most conspicuous wall of the company's "plant."

To do business, however, calls for working capital. Once the required amount is determined, the members of the company—sitting as a board of directors—vote a stock issue. Initial capitalization is generally from \$50 to \$100. Shares sell from twenty-five to fifty cents each.

Having, as a board of directors, issued the stock, the members of the company turn brokers and sell it. Frequently they sell it among friends in their own neighborhood. Sometimes, however, they go farther afield. One New York company—made up of girls—required a starting capital of \$50: 100 shares at fifty cents a share. Since their own neighborhood was too poor to subscribe any such amount, the members of this corporation decided to sell it where stock is usually sold—in Wall Street. With the aid of their adult adviser, they compiled a list of promising broker and business prospects. Armed with letters "To Whom It May Concern," and, for further identification, carrying copies of an issue of *The Reader's Digest* which contained an article on Junior Achievement, they went out, two by two, to call on these downtown offices.

"What guarantee can you give me," one broker asked, "that you'll make delivery of this (Continued on page 44)



A MAN and A BOY

By

KENNETH IRVING BROWN

Illustrator, E. L. Brenner

Sunset came and then the dusk with its lake shadows. Sometimes they just stared out into the distance; sometimes they talked of the *Chester Strong*, complete but for her topsails, and sometimes of Chester Strong, and his long years ahead

THE plant manager of the Frank-wood Hardware Company regularly saved his Saturday afternoons for the Boys' Home just across from the factory. It was, to be sure, a curious habit. Mrs. Boone, the matron of the Home, smiled a twisted smile when she saw Mr. Ronley coming, meaning to imply that there was something inexplicable in a bronzed-skinned, hearty young man of thirty-five wanting to spend his leisure afternoon playing ball with the orphans. Dustan Butler, the director of the Home welcomed his interest. Ronley was a man about whom he knew little but his appearance inspired sufficient trust that one was not inclined to pry into a past of which he seems disinclined to speak. He had been transferred to the Cleveland office from the west and except for a general record of efficiency, little was known.

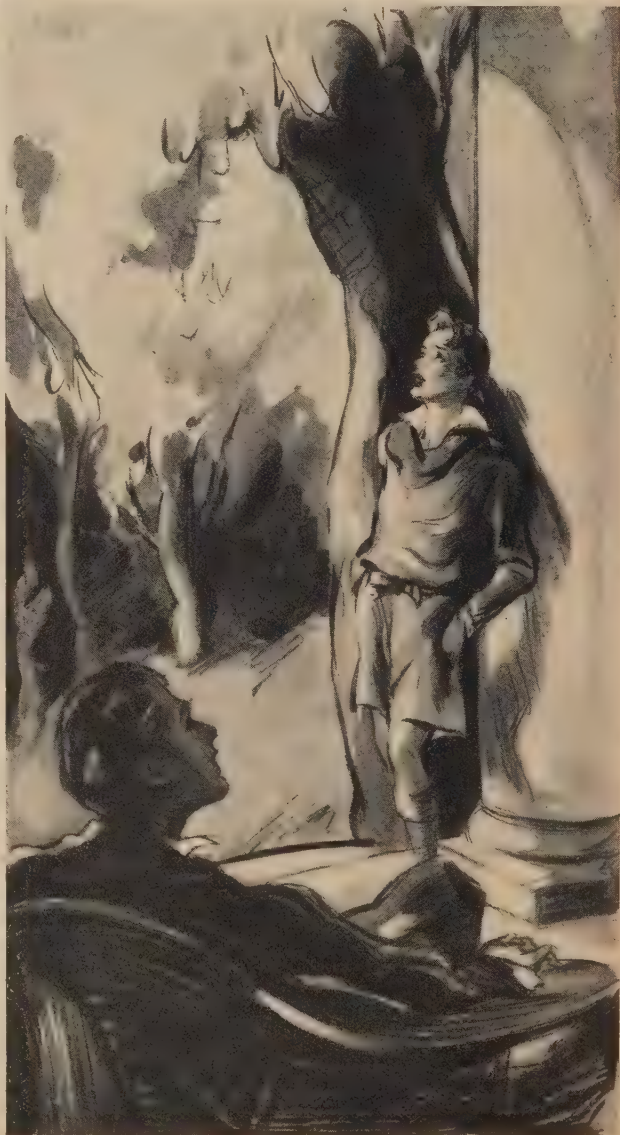
All through the spring Ronley came, until one o'clock on Saturday was the hour when eager faces pressed against the wire netting that enclosed the play-field, waiting to see which one would first spy the friendly figure of Willis Ronley emerging from the plant's gate. Even in the heat of summer he seemed unwilling—or unable—to find good reasons for not continuing. It was always ball, exciting games with tie scores and home runs and phenomenal hits with the bases full, and base-sliding that would have made any professional envious.

Spencer Pharr was a spindly youngster who had grown too fast for the strength in his lithe body. But under Willis Ronley's tutorage there was new health in his cheeks and vigor in his bones—Dustan Butler was the first to comment on the

decided change.

The visitor taught Jackie Barton how to throw a curve, and Jackie improved so that Mr. Ronley said he could throw a better one than he could. Jackie was twelve, round-faced and homely unto handsome, for a boy; each week his greeting was, "Still here, Ronley. I hoped no one would want me for their kid until after today's game."

As for Chester Strong, there was not much a chap with a twisted back and a shrunken leg could do in the matter of pitching and batting. But Mr. Ronley had said that an enthusiastic spectator was almost as important to a team as a good pitcher. Chester played the role of spectator with enthusiasm. Nothing was wrong with his lungs and they did valiant service.





Mr. Ronley

Then when the game was over Ronley would sit with Chester and explain to him how a catcher signals to a pitcher and what the out-fielder watches for.

It seemed like a foolish idea, Ronley admitted that, and yet the idea stuck as if glued to his mind. His mother's house was plenty large enough. There was that little room with the porch over the lake, that ordinarily wasn't used. Chester Strong would love a week up there with a chance to go swimming each day, and maybe twice a day, and the fun of stumbling along in the sand.

Ronley had no plans for his vacation that year, outside the fact that some of it would be spent at his mother's home on Lake Erie. And his mother by this time was accustomed to the unaccountably strange doings of her son—deliberately choosing a boarding house in the worst part of Cleveland and spending his Saturday half-holidays at the Home—"when there are so many pretty girls in Cleveland."

Ronley felt uncomfortably self-conscious as he entered the director's office. "It's a funny request, you'll say, Butler, but it's like this. My mother has a summer home, old barn of a place up on Lake Erie. I'm going there for my vacation and I've been wondering if you could let me have Chester for the fortnight."

Butler smiled at Ronley's embarrassment. "It would certainly be a break for Chester."

"The boys do leave the Home for trips like this without—formal adoption?"

"Occasionally . . . but why not take Jackie instead? I've seen you with him out on the field and I know what good friends you two are."

Ronley smiled. "Jackie's a grand little kid, but this time I'm asking for Chester. May I have him if I return him in good condition?"

"He's yours, Ronley. And luck to you. You're a good man taking a kid with a twisted back on your own vacation."

"You're wrong, Butler. I'm a lucky man, taking a kid with bright eyes and a

wobbly smile and only a quarter-chance at happiness, on my vacation If you'll have his things packed, I'll be by for him on Saturday at nine."

The drive from the city to the summer resort of Lakeside was a matter of some two and a half hours. Willis Ronley settled himself behind the wheel of his gray roadster, keenly aware of the tense, self-conscious little figure by his side. From Chester's point of view, sitting with Mr. Ronley on the Home's baseball diamond on a Saturday afternoon was one thing and finding yourself by his side, going fifty miles an hour in a perfectly swell car was quite another.

"Like it, Ches?"

"Gee, yes."

"Ever been along the lake before?"

"No, sir."

"Lake's pretty today with its white-caps."

"Gee, sir; I mean, yes sir."

Then silence, but Chester was worried, gnawing at a question as a puppy worries a bone.

"Mr. Ronley, why didn't you take Jackie?"

"What a question for a guy to ask who's going on his summer vacation."

"But why? I've been wondering and I know some of the other fellows have, too."

"Because this time I wanted Chester Strong as my guest."

"But would Mr. Butler let Jackie go if you asked him?"

"He would."

"And yet you asked for me?"

"Sure, why not?"

"Jiminy crickets."

"Ches, do you remember once that you told me that there were two things you wanted. One was to play baseball and the other was to build a boat. I can't make it possible for you to play baseball, but I can help you build a boat. And that's the big job we have this week. See that box behind you? That's the makings of a first class boat we're going to call the *Chester Strong*. It's a two master, . . ."

"With a jib, and a staysail . . . ?"

"Yes, there's a jib and I think a staysail."

"And a spanker?"

"I don't seem to remember that, Chester. You see I know a lot more about hardware than I do about building ships. But I can learn."

"All right, I'll teach you, Ronley. One of the fellows at the Home, who isn't there any more, had a book on boats that I read until I almost knew it by heart. I could call all the sails on the different ships by name."

"Well, that's more than I can do."

"Gee, a whole week . . . a mainsail and a jib, and there must be a foresail."

The ship parts came together during those first few days with surprising speed, and there was still time for bathing and some courageous attempts at swimming, for movies and marionettes in the big auditorium and all the other delights of a summer colony. But the bathing and the movies were only happy interludes in the major task of ship building.

Ever so carefully the masts were carved and made secure, the bowsprit attached, the handrails glued in place. The miniature rudder was swung in position to do duty keeping the ship on her course.

"And now for the sails, each separate one of them."

There were patterns to follow and the stout cloth was hewed to the line. Mrs. Ronley volunteered to do the hemming but Chester insisted that he must sew on the rings by which they were run up the masts. One by one they were put in their places, fully rigged with their battery of lines.

Like a statue coming to life in the stone-block under the creator's hand, so the *Chester Strong* from wood and cloth and twine, under young eager hands became a living thing. The jib, followed the mainsails, dainty and serviceable as it was prepared to billow in the wind.

"It's these topsails that stick me, Ronley."

"Just what's the trouble there?" Ronley had watched with amazement the new animation which the few days had brought, the deftness of the small fingers, the eagerness of each action.

"I don't remember where the lines come. I'm sure I have the mainsails and the jib right, but these stick me."

"How about walking down to the lake-front. There might be a yacht around that would help us."

"Okay. That's a good idea."

The man with the boy and the boy with the ship went down to the embankment. The lake lay in a late afternoon calm. The excursion boat was puffing her sonorous way into the pier and far out there was the dot of a boat, just sails against a sky.

"She has a topsail, I'm sure."

"But she's so far out, Ches, that for the life of me I can't make them out."

"Neither can I. And it's too far to see how the lines are."

"Maybe another will come along, but it isn't likely."

"I'm seeing just as hard as I can see, but it isn't hard enough. There's topsails, but they's just there and I can't make out how they're fixed."

At last, back to the cottage, man, boy, and ship, in the early evening.

They continued talking of ships and topsails. Sunset came and then the dusk with its lake shadows.

Sometimes they just stared out into the distance; sometimes they talked of the *Chester Strong*, complete but for her topsails, and sometimes of Chester Strong and his long years ahead.

"One day more, Ches, and then our week will be up."

"But there's still another day and I'll get these topsails fixed."

It was not like Willis Ronley to be wakeful but that night he was. It may have been the heat; it may have been the confusion of thoughts about small boys and homes, spelled both with a large and a small letter. But at four-thirty when usually he was deepest in slumber, he slipped on his bathrobe and walked through the house. On the garden the dew rested with the lightest of touch. The early morning light cast its own shadows on the stately border of sunflowers.

Up on the upper back porch Chester was sleeping. He would make sure the boy was all right. Ever so softly he approached, fearful of waking and alarming him.

But there in (Continued on page 53)



OLD CHINATOWN-SAN FRANCISCO—Wide World Photos

Parade of BROTHERHOOD

The Oriental

By FRANK S. MEAD
[PART VII]

IT WAS the lure of gold that brought the 49'er across the Rockies or around the Horn. And it was the lure of gold, at about the same time, that brought the Cantonese and the man from Shanghai and Foochow across the wide Pacific; to this very day the city of San Francisco is known by some of the Chinese who live there as "Old Gold Mountain."

It was not the gold that they might wash out of the California hillsides that they were interested in, but the gold of higher wages than they could ever earn in China. They were ready to work at anything to earn their living—as cooks, house servants, or laborers; it was the Chinese workman who did the great bulk of the hard work necessary to complete the transcontinental railroad in 1869. By

1860 there were 35,000 Chinese in California; two decades later there were close to 100,000.

America welcomed them at first. They were amiable and hard working, California was in need of labor and there was plenty of room for everybody. What was more, they were cheap; they accepted low wages, and that, eventually, caused trouble. As more and more American workers drifted to the West Coast, more and more did they object to the competition of the Chinese. It was our own fault. We had brought them here to work for us, and the problem created was one of our own making. We tried to solve it by passing an Exclusion Act in 1882, which slowed down the immigration flood but which also left a residue of bad feeling against the United States in China.

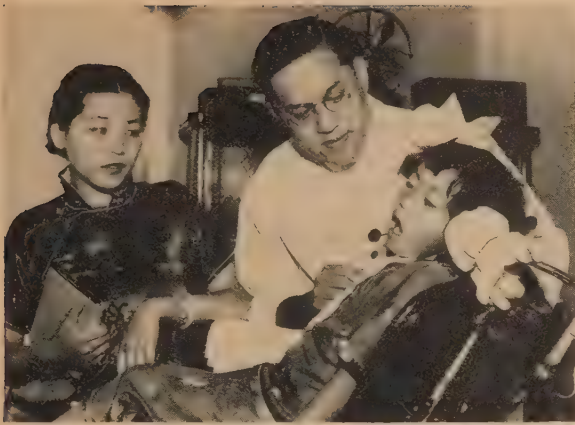
But there was another Oriental coming in the same time. A mere trickle at first, a drop in the American melting pot, came the Japanese. By 1890 there were 2,000 of them here; they too came at the call of American labor, to settle on American soil. Literally, on the soil. They were largely farmers. Farm hands at first, many of them in time saved

enough to buy a little land and cultivate farms of their own. They were, and are, largely a rural population.

In the course of human events and American labor troubles, the same thing happened to them that had happened to the Chinese. California for the Californians! America for the Americans! There came, as a result of economic pressure, first a gentleman's agreement that slowed down Japanese immigration, then in 1924 our present "Exclusion Act" that stopped it altogether—and that roused a resentment overseas that still burns deeply.

There are today in this country 138,000 Japanese; 97,000 of them live in California, and 54 per cent of this 97,000 are engaged in agriculture. There are 70,000 American-born young Japanese enjoying privileges denied their parents. They vote. They are American citizens. They are in the schools making fine records. Between them and their foreign-born parents is the old impassable gulf of national ideas; and they are surrounded by a race prejudice that makes it hard for home missions to do a really good job.

In 1898 we had a war with Spain; at



A MODERN CHINESE-AMERICAN DENTIST



YOUNG JAPANESE-AMERICAN FARM WORKER



A CHRISTIANIZED PHILIPPINE GIRL

the peace we paid \$20,000,000 for the Philippine Islands and found ourselves the self-appointed guardians of nine million men and women and children with the mixed bloods of thirty different races in their veins. How a new day and a new

many Chinatowns to see what could be done in the name of Jesus Christ, we found that the seeds we dropped fell on very fertile ground. So fertile that today the percentage of Christians in San Francisco's Chinatown alone is considerably

civilization came to the Philippines is a story by itself. What happened and is happening in this country to Filipinos who have come to us is another thing.

There are 60,000 Filipinos scattered from the Golden Gate to the Statue of Liberty. They are the only other Oriental group of any appreciable size. The vast majority of them are men, neglected men. There is a noticeable lack of attention being given the Filipino. He is the Forgotten Oriental.

It is interesting to trace our reaction to the Chinese. First it was curiosity, then suspicion, and now it has become sympathy for this stranger in a strange land. The writer remembers a fine Chinese boy who came to join his freshman class in college. For weeks he was the loneliest man in school; then he began to join a club here, another there; his smile was contagious; soon everybody began to like him. At commencement he was one of the most popular men on the campus—and he smilingly took back to China most of the worthwhile prizes and honors of the class! Our change of feeling toward "Sam" was coincident with his change of feeling toward us.

Something like this took place when the American church really got to know the Chinese in America; they turned out to be completely likeable and amazingly responsive. When we got over our prejudices and went down into our

higher than in San Francisco as a whole. It would never have been that but for the home missionary.

At 1 Waverly Place, in the very heart of this San Francisco Chinatown, is a Chinese church and mission school. It is a manufacturing plant engaged in producing character; an exterminating plant destroying the barriers between yellow men and white. Established in 1884, the founders saw immediately that while there were riches in American life that should be thrown open to the Chinese, there were also riches in the Chinese language that should be guarded for the enrichment of Americans. They noticed that every Chinese boy or girl went to a separate language school to learn Chinese. Why shouldn't they study Chinese in a mission school? That idea is a tribute to the breadth of vision of home missions.

There came a mission school. It is operating today. It has a kindergarten full of tots, classes for grown ups, adolescents, men, women. Hours, every school day, from 5 to 8. Tuition, one dollar a month. Average attendance, 120. Upstairs, on the top floor, is one of the finest libraries of Chinese literature on the West Coast.

The children came to the school; the parents followed to see what their children were learning. They came again, and again, and again. Then they sent their children to Sunday school, and out of it began to flow a stream of Christian Chinese. . .

Sum Sing came in as a boy in his mother's arms; he stayed to study English in the school. He wanted English; he realized how important it was if he meant to get along in America. He learned quickly. He might have made a lot of money in America, if it hadn't been for another idea that got into his head. Sum Sing decided that he wanted to go back to China and tell the people in his home town of the Christ he had met in the San Francisco mission. He went. He left a church behind him in China, came back to the States, and for thirty years served as a colporteur, distributing Bibles, Testaments and tracts to his brother Chinese in America.

Lee Park Linn was also brought in by his mother, so small he could hardly walk. Today he is a deacon in the church; he and his family have supported it when the going was hardest. His daughter is a Chinese doctor; she runs a club of Chinese 'teen-age girls in a little Methodist Mission in Stockton. Last St. Patrick's Day the women of the Stockton church gave a party for the club.

Try to see what is going on here: a second generation Chinese girl, a Baptist doctor, works in a Methodist church with Chinese girls, and brings them to an Irish St. Patrick's Day party, assisted by American women. What's happened to race prejudice here? To nationalism and to denominationalism?

Just across the Bay from Berkeley is the Chung Mei Home. The uninformed call it an orphanage. That's wrong. It is a Christian refuge for underprivileged Chinese boys; here are orphans, half-orphans, deserted boys, neglected boys, boys from broken or unfit homes, problem boys, delinquent boys—any kind of boy who needs a second chance at life.

Once he passes the threshold of the

Home, he leaves a world of misunderstanding and rebuff for one of kindness and sympathy and cooperation. He finds an atmosphere that is wholesome and congenial. He finds himself in the hands of people who consider him not a "bad" boy but a potential good man.

Harry Ah Moy came to Chung Mei with a police record; the cops said he was "just a bad egg." The school authorities had given him up; all the truant officers in California couldn't have made him go to school. It took his father and a police officer to get him to the Home; by way of introduction the parent offered a five-page typewritten report of his son's misdeeds. The boy sat down to talk things over with the superintendent.

Said the superintendent, "You're a pretty bad boy, aren't you, Harry?"

Said Harry Ah Moy, feebly, "Yes, sir."

"I don't believe it," said the superintendent. "I don't believe you're bad at all, and I won't believe it until you prove it to me."

Harry gulped. If a bomb had been let off under his chair he couldn't have been more startled. This is treatment typical of Chung Mei. No boy is bad until he proves himself bad; the staff just won't believe it. It works. It worked with Harry. The hang-dog expression faded, the chin came up and a little smile began to play about the lips that were supposed to be the permanent home of a resentful snarl.

He lived at Chung Mei for a year and a half; the boy whose father wanted to be rid of him because he would "never help around the house," carried his full share of work in his new home, and liked it. He made a good record in school, joined the church, went back home to finish high school and to help his younger brothers graduate. His father died, and he went to work to support the whole family. Says his employer of Harry Ah Moy: "He is splendid . . . reliable . . . trustworthy . . . conscientious. . . I wonder how I could ever run this business without him."

Lee Chang got into so many scrapes with the cops that a feature writer in a newspaper dubbed him "Lee Chang, the Incurable." From his tenth trip to the Juvenile Court he came to the Home, where the staff insisted he wasn't bad but only adventurous, with a courage that made him ready to face any hardship or penalty for his adventures. They gave that adventurousness a new outlet—in athletics; he got good food and a new host of friends and a little hard work. They put Lee in the woodyard—the punishment work of the Home—and gave him a new name: Robert E. Lee!

Today he is in charge of the woodyard. He rules it with all the ability and assurance of the famous general, and his "men" love him as the Confederates loved their leader.

Eddie Tong, an "alumnus," taught a Sunday school class in the First Baptist Church of Berkeley for three years (in

his class was the son of Chung Mei's superintendent, the son of the pastor of the church), and then he went to China to teach in a Baptist school.

Howard Deah is active in young people's work in Canton; Benjie Wu is a leader in another Chinese church in San Francisco; George Chow, Victor Young, Albert Young are young people's workers.

The files of the Chung Mei office are full of names, accomplishments, rebuilt lives, stories of local problem boys who have made good. . .

Among the older generation of Orientals in the United States it is not only language but adjustment that is the great problem. Adjustment to the Occidental way of living; adjustment to Western habits, ideas, morals and faith. To meet

Shadows

I cannot think that God has meant
For shadows to be fearsome things,
Else He would not have given us
The shadow of His wings.
Nor would His tall trees by the way
Trace out a cool sweet place
Where weary travelers may pause
To find His soothing grace.
Nor would the shadows of the night
Enfold us in that tranquil rest
That falls upon the sleeping babe
Rocked at its mother's breast.
And though the shadows over life
May seem to creep apace,
Behind the darkest one of them
Is His assuring face!

Mrs. Claude Allen McKay

that, we have the Japanese and Chinese church.

They are found everywhere that Orientals are found, offering services in native Japanese in the morning for the adults; in English in the Sunday school for Japanese youth. Some of them are guided by Americans; most of them have their own native pastors and teachers; through them the older folks are made to feel that in Christianity they have a great common bond with their American neighbors, and youth is carried over a difficult adjustment period.

Now those churches have worked well. Out in Los Angeles, in a high school which has fifty Japanese students in a total of 2,400, there are four basketball teams; three of those teams elected young Christian Chinese boys as captains. That speaks well for their ability and character.

We quote from the report of a home mission worker among older Japanese in Colorado:

"The phone rang. The representative of the American Harvester Company picked up the receiver. A farmer down in the irrigated section was calling: 'Do you have anyone around here with a machine that would cut my short wheat on that high ground? . . . It's too short for my binder.'"

"The Harvester man thought a moment: 'I can't recall anyone right now'. . . The next day he drove out to the farmer's ranch. 'I've located a combine for you,' he said. 'There's a Japanese farmer just down the road that bought one from me a year ago. I think he'll cut your wheat for you.'"

"'Oh, that Jap,' said the farmer. 'Well, we don't like Japs moving into this valley. None of us Americans have anything to do with him.'"

"Just then a car came down the road. It was driven by the Japanese newcomer. The Harvester man hailed him and introduced him to the surprised American farmer. The Japanese acknowledged the introduction with a polite bow. The farmer grunted. But the Harvester man broke in.

"My friend here has some wheat to be cut,' he explained. 'I told him that you had one of our combines. Do you still have it?'"

"'Oh, yes.'"

"This wheat's on the highland and too short for the binder. Would you be willing to cut it for him?'"

"I would be glad to do so,' said the Japanese courteously.

"The farmer turned to the Japanese shortly. 'What'd you charge me?' he demanded.

"I would not charge you anything,' he said. 'You are my neighbor.'"

Home missions at short range is a splendid test of Christian character. This Japanese farmer was the product of a home missions Japanese church. . .

The work of Home Missions does not always result in success and victory; some of it is hard, grueling, day-in-and-day-

out labor that may or may not show a good result when it is done. There is, for example, the work done among those coming to this country through the immigrant receiving stations, Ellis Island in New York, Angel Island in California. Here are gathered some of the unhappiest people in the world; men and women who have left home, friends, everything, to try their fortunes in a strange land. Leaving home is a hard experience for anyone; leaving one's country and going to live among total strangers is more than difficult. It is an experiment in human misery.

Among these people move the home missionaries, veritable angels of mercy. In the words of one Chinese woman, is summed up their whole purpose—"to build a bridge of love between all peoples, whatever their color, creed or condition, and let Jesus walk across."



Looking Backward and FORWARD



ON A lovely April evening a ship steamed along the Long Island coast toward New York. Upon the deck a young boy gazed at the low shore line of America, and the lights which illuminated it. The next morning the long voyage across the Atlantic came to its end in a North River dock. And the boy, like multitudes of others who see the New York skyline for the first time, was fascinated by the most magnificent man-made sight in all the world. Since that day the months and years have sped by, until just three days short of fifteen years later the boy who was fascinated by New York was called to be minister of one of Manhattan's churches. All the struggles, heartaches and experiences of the years appear as an education preparing him for the ministry which now must be measured by its influence in the world's first city.

By Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft

It is natural that as I look forward to the work which lies ahead, my mind has also been looking back over the events of these past years. For many of those events have played their part in moulding my character and ministry.

Fifteen years ago I was not allowed to stay in New York. Within two hours of leaving the ship a minister who met me at the dock had put me on a New York Central train, which speeded off along the Hudson River. A change of trains at Albany, and the following day I stood in

the one street of my first parish. It was a tiny village, situated in a beautiful valley, and still had snow four feet high on the sides of the dirt road which was our way of communication with the world outside. Being unmarried, and the minister, I proceeded to lodge at the local undertaker's, with whom I soon became friends and a rather constant companion. Many were the times that year we would hitch up the horses and ride together atop the hearse (it was a sled in winter) to some distant farm. The undertaker would then prepare the deceased for burial while I talked with the people, baptized children of nine and ten years of age, who had never been inside a church or Sunday School, then buried the one who had been called to the life beyond. Sometimes the undertaker and I were the only ones to stand beside the grave, and lower the casket to its resting place. We would return home in the dark, weary but with a day well spent.

On September first, the author of this article becomes Rector of All Angels' Church, one of the largest in New York City. Born in England in 1903, he came to America just fifteen years ago. On the eve of assuming his new and great responsibilities, he recalls in this delightful article some of the incidents of his ministry so far

That little church with its oil lamps and wood stove, its budget of less than \$1,500 a year, was a far cry from New York, yet many true lessons were learned there. First of all, I learned that America

is not England, and to do one's work properly one must be an American. That lesson came on the first Sunday, which happened to be Easter Day. An old Civil War veteran was the tenor soloist in the choir. He listened carefully to the sermon and afterwards remarked, "Well, dominie, from the way you delivered it I imagine that was a good sermon but I couldn't understand a word of what you said."

Again, I learned that it is not always the man who talks most about his religion who is the best Christian. One afternoon I called upon a farmer who immediately engaged me in earnest conversation upon spiritual matters. We warmed to our subject and finally knelt in prayer together. I went home to enthuse with my friend, the undertaker, over the fine Christian character I had met. "Oh, yes," replied that cynic, "he's a fine Christian, all right. Last year he swindled me out of a load of hay." And I went to bed, realizing that Longfellow's words are true in more ways than one, "Things are not always what they seem."

But perhaps the greatest lesson of the year was that a minister's work is not just preaching but caring for the whole life of his people. Two months after arriving we had our first strawberry festival. I anticipated a happy social occasion when the whole community would gather together for good fellowship. The whole community did gather, but it was not for fellowship. On the contrary, a farmer would drive up with his family and they would sit together around a table. One of them would buy ice cream and strawberries, they would exchange perfunctory greetings with other families, then sit in complete and lonely silence for perhaps an hour. Possibly they would purchase more refreshments, but finally, without even a goodnight, they would climb into their conveyance and drive off home. I went to my room strangely bewildered. That was not a social. Perhaps the church treasury was twenty-five dollars better off, but we had not done our job—we had not joined those people together in fellowship. So next day I started asking questions, but one and all shook their heads. "That's the way it has always been, and you won't change it." But we did change it. A group of us got together. We found a girl who could sing, another who played the piano. We added an elocutionist, and a trumpeter. Then we set out on a campaign to make that community sociable. The victory was so complete that at the Christmas party the people intermingled and enjoyed themselves so thoroughly that they refused to go home until it was time to milk the cows. It was the first all-night party that village had ever seen, and it was organized and directed by the minister. But it performed a miracle in breaking down the insularity and loneliness of those people who lived out and over the hills. The whole town grew friendly while a new kindly spirit permeated the atmosphere. It was a triumph of pastoral ministry, and was as valuable to the community as one hundred sermons.

The second year I went to theological seminary, and like many young men in America who are preparing for the ministry I had charge of two small churches



Above, detail in the beautiful Church of All Angels, New York City, of which Mr. Meadowcroft is now Rector

during the week ends. On Fridays after lunch, I left the seminary and rode on slow trains till 8:30 P.M., when I got off at a little country station four miles from nowhere. In the cold winter nights that walk through the snow was not a pleasant experience. But even when I arrived at my house, work was not over, for no one in that town had Christian charity enough to start the fire. So it had to be laid, and started, after which I sat around till well past midnight when the house was warm enough to sleep in without fear of freezing to death. Saturday was occupied with making sermons and visiting the people. The Sabbath schedule was Sunday School and church, a hurried lunch and six-mile walk to the other church where the morning program was repeated. After that

I walked back the six miles, to take an evening service and get to bed about 10:00 P.M. The alarm clock rang at 4:00 A.M., when I got breakfast, put out the fire, walked to the station and caught the train at six o'clock for the journey back to school. It was perhaps natural that by the end of the year my weight had decreased to 108 lbs. It is not always easy to prepare for the ministry.

But during that year I had a good lesson in solving personal problems. At the little church where services were held in the afternoon was a fascinating character. As a young man he had lived recklessly, but was soundly converted to Christ. He determined to leave his native city and be a farmer. His wife, however, refused to give up her drunken evil career, or to go



Above, Mr.

Meadowcroft at the time he left England



The little church at South

Worcester, New York, his first pastorate

conceivable subject, but had his knowledge all jumbled up in a confused mass. Two years before my time he was stricken with blindness and could not attend church.

Such was the situation—two men, both of them interesting and worthy in their own way, but estranged from and bitter toward each other. It took very little time to sense the antagonism, or to realize the injury which they were doing to that church and its work. Several months passed by during which I visited and grew friendly with both of them. Then one evening up at the farm, my host set into me. "You are on John's side," he charged. "I know, you go to his house to laugh at me." It was my chance and we talked



St. Mark's Church, at Islip,
New York, where Mr. Meadowcroft was
Rector until he was called to All Angels

together late into the night. He came to see his fault, above all, his unbrotherly conduct in not visiting a fellow Christian once in two years who was stricken and blind. Finally he agreed, that if John would see him, he would accompany me after church next Sunday. So the following Sunday I went to see the townsman before service to offer the proposal. But he burst in upon my explanations: "I won't see him, Dominie. He's nothing but a great hypocrite. For two years I've sat here in the dark, and he's never been to see me, never even inquired how I was doing. He's only coming now so as to gloat over me. I won't see him, I tell you, I won't see him!"

The conversation lasted an hour, and slowly the hard shell cracked open. Finally he said, "Well, if you're sure Tom wants to see me, then you can bring him down after service." But I didn't take Tom down that day, for he had cold feet after service. Nor the following Sunday, for then John was again full of righteous indignation. It was eight weeks later that both of them were ready for the meeting, and after service Tom followed me into John's room. They stood facing each other for the first time in over two years. Slowly, hesitantly, their hands came together, but they clinched and stayed. Then I listened to a strangely simple but human conversation. "How are you, brother John?" . . . "Pretty well, brother Tom, pretty well." . . . "You look pretty well, brother John. I've often thought about you." . . . "Have you? Well, Tom, I must say you haven't shown it. This is the first time you've been to see me in two years, and the Dominie had to bring you now. You haven't been much of a Christian, I must say." A long pause ensued, and I won-

dered if Tom was big enough to stand his ground. Suddenly he took a great breath and, looking straight into John's sightless eyes, replied, "I know, John, and I'm sorry; sorry to you and to God." That broke John down and he admitted his own guilt. Then they called upon me to pray, so we knelt down together and recemeted those bonds of Christian brotherhood wherewith Christ makes us one. It was a strange moment to me, a youngster of twenty-one helping those two grand old men to rediscover each other. But the healing love of Christ came through our prayers. At John's suggestion Tom reassumed the position of lay leader of the church. And the following Sunday that church was filled with people who had heard Christianity was again being practiced by the members. It was a vivid experience of how a minister, by fellowship and prayer, can help his people to love and the overthrow of hatred.

So the years have moved on. Each of them has added new examples of Christ's work among men. I finished seminary training, became the proud possessor of academic degrees and graduated from a tiny rural church, to become assistant in a suburban community, then rector of a church of my own. The number of experiences increased with the enlarging field, but they had much of the same quality. They all point to a common conclusion, that mankind, partly by deliberate and partly by unintentional error, gets into trouble; but that "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Several months ago a young man came to my church. He visited me at the rectory, and one afternoon asked permission to come and talk about himself. Two weeks later he came and in front of a blazing fire poured out his story, of a life wasted at thirty-five. He had been married, divorced, married again and was now facing a second divorce. The early ambitions had not been realized. He was through. "Are you quite sure you are through?" I asked. "Yes, Mr. Meadowcroft, I'm through!" "Remember one thing," I said to him, "forget anything else you wish, but remember this and never let go of it. *God is not through with you.*" He went home, but within two months his life was changed, the threatened divorce was pushed aside by a new and happy spirit in the home, and he knew that God was not through; indeed, He had just begun to work with him.


Possibly the most solemn of all pastoral experiences is the last farewell to one who is going on to the eternal home, especially when that soul has received much of its inspiration and guidance from your ministry. For several years a woman sat under my pulpit. Hers was a genuine Christianity which knew in Whom it had believed. The life she lived day by day was eloquent testimony to the presence of Christ in her soul. Nor was her life without its problems, and sometimes she came to her pastor for counsel.

Then came a period of strangeness. In some way she was different, under the conventional surface. It was as though she carried a heavy burden which she did not want to share, until one Sunday she remained after the service, to ask for my prayers. "I have to go to the hospital for a serious (Continued on page 63)



The Folks One Must Help!

By CHARLES
HANSON
TOWNE

 THE very young, and the very old—these are the folks one likes to help; that one *must* help. Those in between, given health, can look after themselves. But the helpless child, and aged men and women with wrinkled faces—ah! we must remember them as we journey through life.

Let us concern ourselves now with the little children who, each summer, enjoy a respite from the grime and terror of the brutal and baking city.

The day before I visited Mont Lawn, that refuge for city children which was organized forty-five years ago by this magazine, I went down into the slum districts of New York—there are so many of them, alas!—for I wanted to get a sense, on a hot day, of what it must mean to dwell in such wretched quarters. The heat sprang from the pavements; the sky was like a soaking helmet which the great city had put on; the Elevated road took its thundering way through the Bowery; and Rivington street was aching beneath a broiling sun. I saw tiny tots dancing with momentary delight under the cool

spray which a hose afforded their thin bodies, almost naked in the thoroughfare.

And the next day I was to see hundreds of these children playing on a green and flowing lawn, with the lordly Hudson River only a few rods away. I might have been two hundred miles from the trap of hot New York. I saw radiant smiles. I heard glad little cries. I saw swings and merry-go-rounds on that lovely playground; seesaws, slides, basketball—every device that the childish heart yearns for, and sometimes never gets. Some boys were being taught how to play football; and close by was a wonderful swimming-pool—two of them, in fact. I saw shelters where they could wash up before being summoned to lunch. A breeze was blowing over the hills on that unbelievably warm July morning.

And then the thought of the slums came back to me. For two whole joyous weeks these children could laugh and play to their hearts' content; and then another relay could follow them, and these before me would go back to the city tanned, refreshed, and miraculously changed—actually made over. Is it a little thing to give them all this? No; I say it is a great thing—this blessed release from the torturing town with its clamor and suffocating tenements.

It was in 1895 that Dr. Klopsch had the vision to see what could be done for

city-pent children; and when the Rev. Dr. A. D. Lawrence Jewett gave his white frame mansion to the first chattering children sent to Upper Nyack, Dr. Klopsch must have known a peculiar joy. For the dream that he had dreamed had come true. No summer since has passed without this respite from New York's almost unendurable pain. It is as fine a charity as I know. It is as soothing a spectacle as one could wish to see.

It is a beautiful spot, set on a high hill. The main dwelling is a stately house, surrounded by thick trees, with lawns leading down to the not-too-crowded road. There is a great stone tower close by, with a clock and a bell that calls the children to their meals. There are five cottages, called cabins, connected by sheltering walks in case of inclement weather; and beside these runs an *allée* of maples, stone flagged. From one end of this there is a glimpse of the stately river.

You should see the interior of these cabins—spic and span, with little iron cots, many of which have been donated by benevolent sympathizers in perpetuity. I was struck by the wonderful ventilation in all the commodious rooms. Windows on three sides, night lights which would not interfere with the sleepers when, at the end of a busy day, they sought their beds. The gentle breeze blew in.

Don't forget that these children are to



be the parents and citizens of tomorrow. They are to follow us on the trail. They are to bring us all of good or evil; and they will bring us the former if we take care of them now; if we strive to show them the right way to live and work—yes, and play—when they take our places in the vanguard. First, their bodies must be nourished; for you remember, “a strong mind in a strong body.” As their sinews improve, they will be ready for the tasks of tomorrow, and their brains will function more easily as their little muscles grow in strength. These tots increase in weight after two weeks in this royal camp. They have been known to put on as much as five or six pounds.

I saw them marching quietly in to lunch, orderly, alert, happy youngsters. Sometimes the grace before meat is sung; sometimes it is spoken by some selected child. In the big, cheerful dining room, these words are painted on a high sign:

“Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
Back of the flour the mill;
Back of the mill is the wheat and the shower,
The sun and the Father’s will.”

Various counsellors serve the good food, and later the older boys help with the clearing of the tables, with the washing and drying of the dishes. They rejoice in this service. It makes them part of the big, friendly household. Here is a typical, average meal served the day I was there:

Meat loaf, with mashed potatoes
Sliced beans
Milk
Whole wheat and graham bread and butter
Chocolate pudding

Such a lunch cannot fail to put red corpuscles in the blood. And how they did relish it! I can never forget the glad faces I saw all around me in that dining-room.

And the Chapel. It is a fine building, with stained glass windows and a great organ. The pulpit is always decorated with flowers from the gardens. Non-sectarian services are held twice a week—on Thursday evenings, and on Sunday afternoons at three o’clock. A young baritone was engaged this year to lead the singing, and pamphlets are passed around so that the children may sing the words. It is inspiring to hear their childish trebles raised in that cool and friendly place.

Honor pennants are given to the children in the cabins who excel in keeping their rooms and lockers in the best order; and there is much gentle rivalry. Each child must make his or her own bed. Like the little soldiers they soon become, they take real delight in obeying orders, and there is seldom a recalcitrant one in this small army. It is astonishing how quickly they learn the need of law and order; how swiftly they work with a common purpose. They take a personal pride in tidying up their individual zones; and as I walked through the dormitories I never saw one poorly made bed; or a single locker that wasn’t in perfect order.

Each child, on arrival, is physically ex-

amined. The clothes they are wearing are taken from them, and fumigated, or de-bugged, to use a more realistic word. Then their heads are soaked with a special shampoo; a bath follows, and each day thereafter they must feel the delight of a cool shower, or swim in one of the pools. The smaller children are put into one of the latter that is not too deep; but as they learn to swim they may use the larger pool. They yearn for this graduation, and shout with joy when they have attained it.

On rainy days, or in the evening, games may be played in one of the houses. The great hall downstairs is an inviting place. Above it there are many forms of entertainment—shuffle-board, target practise, Crokinole, ring toss, checkers, miniature bowling, skillball, etc. No chance for boredom; and it is interesting to observe how proficient these little ones become at any game they undertake to play. Even those of a tender age shoot targets with precision, or succeed in knocking down all the pins when they bowl. The general average is very high; so there can’t be any morons among them! They seem to think things out for themselves, and readily achieve results.

In the basement of this same building there is a handicraft shop, with an instructor on duty. Baskets, benches, dolls, painted dishes—all these are worked over, and at the end of a child’s visit he or she may take home three of the designs made. Some of the children a while ago made their own Punch and Judy show, with bright new figures, and I assure you it is a work of art. One of the officials at Mont



*Swimming crafts
nature study story hour milk
time prayers and other activities help fill the
days for these little city children at Mont Lawn. These pic-
tures are actual scenes at Mont Lawn, taken on the spot*

• • •

Lawn, wishing to give added pleasure to the young visitors, has devised a toy circus, with elephants, alligators and all sorts of stuffed animals, as well as tricks that cause infinite mirth when they are played before their astonished eyes. If there is a child in the world who does not like a circus, I have not seen him.

For more serious youngsters, there is a library, well supplied with juvenile and other books; and you would be surprised to learn how many of these children like

to devour the thumbled pages at their disposal. For they have all had some kind of schooling in the city, and here at Mont Lawn they have the leisure to enjoy not only fairy tales, but the works of writers like Dickens and Thackeray.

I must speak of the wonderful Gould cottage, built of stone, with amazing colored tiles set in the outside walls which never fail to fascinate the children. There is a lawn here, with a bird bath in the centre, surrounded by petunias, mari-

golds, delphiniums and bluebells, while on one side is a monastery walk, shadowy and cool.

In what is called the Nature House, leaves and butterflies are studied; and some of the boys have recently dug a big hole outside, taking the rocks from the playground; and this is soon to be filled with water, and frogs and lizards. Oh, there is everything to amuse and interest any child. The days run gladly by, activity is in the air; and then comes the quiet and peace of starlit nights, with plenty of sleep, with forgetfulness of the hard cobblestones of the city.

This year an experiment has been tried. *Camp Trailer*, a mimeographed paper giving news of happenings within the precincts of Mont Lawn has made its appearance. It is evidently a great success with the young visitors, for many of them have been eager to contribute to its columns. Two girls, June Pinard and Hannah McPherson, sent in this pleasant little rhyme:

"At Mont Lawn we laugh and sing,
We try to make the rafters ring;
We swim in the pool and climb the hill,
And go down the slide for a speedy spill;
Every night when the bugle blows
We're very quiet with our eyes tight closed."

What matter that the last couplet does not rhyme with the precision it should; that the meter halts a little? The thought is there—an appreciation of what has been done for these girls. Sometimes the "Inquiring Reporter's" column contains witty answers to the questions propounded. For instance, Mr. Bud, asked what his favorite hour was at Mont Lawn replied instantly: "The hour before the bugle blows, because everything is so peaceful and quiet."

Accidents and sickness? These, of course, occasionally occur, as they are bound to occur among so many romping children. But besides the capable Superintendent, with her watchful eye—Mrs. Parker—there is a well organized staff. A registered graduate nurse is always in attendance, and this year a Cornell medical student, as first aids in case of a cut finger, a bump on the head, or some juvenile ailment. There is a neat little hospital, too. And if a child is seriously ill, with a temperature, the Nyack Hospital is close by, and a hurry-call brings an ambulance at once. But fortunately such emergencies are rare. For the most part, one hears the spirited laughter of little children at play—and is there any sound more precious to us all? Days of delight, and evenings of calm—these are in the calendar of Mont Lawn's summer; and who would not spread the gospel of this enchanting spot? To spend a day there is an inspiration.

★

If I Were . . . THE PREACHER

I'd read the Scripture lesson as if it were as important as my sermon. There is a good chance that it is more important sometimes—"believe it or not." If the Scripture is read "with the spirit and with the understanding" even a poor sermon will not be fatal; the worshipers have already had a word of life.

—McAlpine




WOODCUT BY ERNEST THORNE THOMPSON

We're Just an American Family

BY
EDITH CLASSON
JUDD



 WELL now, it's funny how things happen! I have just made a seven pound leg of lamb and two pounds of chopped beef last a week for a family of six. Four years ago I never would have thought it possible to feel and be well-fed, or contented, with such an amount of meat; but four years ago we were in quite a different position and the question of whether or not we could afford meat at all was not dreamed of. There are many families like us and many housewives, I know, are puzzled yet to find the way to manage. "Ways and means"—how often I have heard an older generation than mine say those words with sage nods of the head. At this time it seems to me that *means and ways* is a better way to put it!

"Give us grace to regulate our expenses according to the means Thou givest," were the words frequently spoken by my old father with true reverence and I have thought that the repetition of that prayer of his would be of helpful good to many of us now. Perhaps the strength of it has, in a measure greater than I can know, assisted me through the grave problems of "depression" times.

My husband, a mining engineer, was formerly assistant professor of mining in one of our large universities and an expert on ore dressing. A gentleman, a scientist and scholar, and more than all, a descendant of those Puritan Fathers whose belief and observance of the Golden Rule has not diminished in his generation. He decided, some eighteen years ago, to give up his teaching, which seemed to be gently, but firmly forcing him into an easy, steady-going rut and strike out for more practical experience outside of the university. He found it indeed, enlarging his life and knowledge

in mining, invention of mine appliances and in interesting experimental work in the research laboratories of a great American corporation.

Then came the much discussed "depression" and with it the well-known salary cuts; first tenths, then fifths, then in half, or less than half, with only two weeks of work out of every month. Research work was cut down to almost nothing, the "lab" was finally given up and the men—scientists and helpers—scattered here and there over the country in other laboratories maintained by the company. Being a mining engineer and anxious to remain in his chosen profession, my husband was retained—half-time, less than half pay—in the small mining department of the company in New York; but his hopes were high at half promises given him and he felt glad to have the "half loaf" when so many men had none at all.

Then began days, months and years of systematic degradation. Work was there to be done and he did it, working gladly, giving full time when it was required, which was not recognized or paid for, though he took pride in doing it and did it well. He was told that if he gave all his time there it was at his own volition; he was free to find outside work for his off time. But could it be found? Very, very little, and that often went unpaid for. A little editing, a little private experimentation for friends, but so little,

so pitifully inadequate to his needs. A house to keep going, and three girls to educate make hard going when a comfortable, but modest salary has been cut down to a pittance a year, and there had been heavy expenses for serious illness, hospital operations etc.

I did so dread those two vacant weeks each month. Always planning ahead for things to keep us busy so that we might forget the emptiness of them. There is always extra work to do around a home, even when one can hire help, there are many things the man of the house likes to do himself and now, with no outside help, we found much to occupy us during the first two years and it was fun to do it together, hard though it was sometimes. We painted our house together; we renovated the kitchen and made of it a smiling place to work in. We looked at ceilings that needed attention and wondered whether we could fix them ourselves. We did. We renovated old shades; did over the floors; mended electric appliances; my husband made playthings for our youngest child and her friends. He did all sorts of odd jobs that we had always been used to hire done and he found pleasure and a measure of content in the doing. Together we made our garden into a place to dream in. What that garden did for me I can hardly tell. It was my resting spot; my place of peace, and beauty, and refuge; my vacation trip; my pleasure place and my heart will ache for it and miss it always if we have to leave it. Indeed, we face that probability, after twenty-two years of home life, of watching our children grow here, as the flowers grow in my garden; of making friends and being useful; of sickness, death, life and love; of Christmas celebrations, Thanksgiving feasts,

children's festivities; all that goes to the making of the one place on earth that man calls home—we may have to lose.

I have seen my husband collapse from overwork and anxiety, only to go on bravely and hopefully as his spirit rose to battle against the almost overwhelming burden. I have watched him fade, actually shrivel and grow old, as time has gone on and on and the hopes of one day were dashed away, or the almost certain expectations of another failed to materialize. I have seen him grow gentle with the gentleness of despair and have watched him always busy, always useful, trying to adjust himself to the cruelties of the times and the unthinking (were they unthinking?) gibes of more fortunate business associates.

Even house repairs come to a finishing point and then there was always that question of so little to spend; then I suggested that he write a book in his spare time on subjects that he is well-fitted to handle—mineralogy and geology. There are plenty of technical books on those subjects for older students, but few for younger boys. The idea pleased him and the book was written, helping to fill in many an otherwise dull and despondent hour. We are lovers of literature, of music and we have church interests, so there were things to which we could escape mentally when the trials seemed too heavy.

Writing has been a help to me, too. It has refreshed me mentally and physically to steal away for a quiet hour or two in my room to write a poem, or perhaps a child's story, or to go deeper and write out my spiritual studies and meditations. Without that quiet hour each day, I think it would not have been possible for me to carry on without a complete breakdown. That much I have claimed for my own and it has reacted for the good of us all. The tension was relieved so that I could return to household duties gladly and with zest; could meet my husband's drawn, tired face at the door each evening—*smiling*—and receive a smile in return. It makes such a vast difference to one's inner feelings which way her lips are turned—up, or down! If they are down, so is everything else; if a smile turns them up, why then one is able to see the silver lining of the very darkest cloud! Or if it is quite impossible to *see* it, one possesses the inner conviction that it is there anyway.

Of course I hoped that the things, or some of the things, that I wrote would be printed so that I might have the great satisfaction and pleasure of feeling that I had helped the family. True it is that I have had some sixteen poems printed, but the good editor seems to think that honor is sufficient payment! But never will I forget the thrill of seeing my first little verse in print! It is just one of those things you love to remember, like your first sweetheart, or your first dance, or your first baby and it's fun to have had the experience.

As many have sorrowfully discovered, our sudden drop in salary meant sacrifice for ourselves and for our children. It meant that two daughters, lovely, eager, talented, could not continue the education planned for them. Both girls have decided artistic ability, and the elder added a fine musical talent to her gift for art. Not to give up her ambition entirely, she

entered a free art school, earning her luncheon money and carfares by working in a department store on Saturdays and during Christmas and Easter vacations. She graduated last year and we consider her fortunate to have found a position in a silk house, coloring and making designs for silk materials, or working in the sample room when the studio work is slack.

The second girl was in high school when the crash came. She, too, had the gift of beauty appreciation—of art. Unlike her older sister, however, her ambition was to go into the field of art photography. It is a field that is opening more and more as an advertising medium, is full of interest and its capacity for the expression of beauty is almost unlimited. Good schools for the study of photography are expensive and far beyond our affording. The next step was to try to find her an apprenticeship with some expert photographer; but, though we have friends and friends' friends in that profession, no opening was available.

She had learned to use the typewriter at school and, to my surprise, she decided to hunt for a business position one day—and landed one! A temporary one, to be sure, but we felt that it gave her an idea of what business life and work would be like and so, when the job was over, she went to a business school where she is now learning the mysteries—and just at present they appear to be very real mysteries—of bookkeeping, law and shorthand. A far cry from that God-given gift for art, but there is beauty in the willingness she has shown to do anything possible to help herself and her father

THE GIFT

By Edith C. Judd

Have you ever dreamed a poem
While you're making lemon pies,
Or seen a meal's potatoes
Stare at you with small brown eyes,
Or, perhaps, a fresh white cabbage
Waits for you to shave its head,
Or you know you should be weeding
Out the garden flower bed?



Still the urge to write is on you,
Though your hands are never free
And there's dust upon the stairway,
Or it's time to brew the tea;
Then the children's gleeful voices
Break into your thoughts and yet
There's that urgent, potent whisper
That you never can forget.



So, somehow, the pies get finished
And the family says they're good;
The potatoes lose their jackets
And the cabbage makes fine food;
All the children have attention
And the tea is in the pot,
But that poem does get written
And is printed—or is not!

in this critical period of our lives.

The same should be said for the older child. From a very sweet, lovable, but somewhat willful and irresponsible girl, she has grown into a considerate, careful, tactful and thoughtful young woman. Life and responsibility have steadied her and love has found its way to her heart. She said to me one day, speaking of the hard times we, she and a certain favorite young man are enduring, "Mother, I am glad we are having this experience now while H—and I are young. It has taught us so much that we might otherwise have been ignorant of and I think we shall be able to balance our future lives better for having seen the worst side now." The wisdom of youth! We do learn from them, we older ones; it is their clear vision and the untarnished brightness of their hope that revives our ideals; strengthens our trust and faith in that Higher Power that "doeth all things well."

Of course music lessons for our children had to cease and this I regretted exceedingly because of the love of the youngest child for music and her evident, though latent talent. She is just ten years old now and the busiest and happiest of us all, for she is at school, has many playmates and the full understanding of the depth of our anxiety has not come to her, as it should not. Notwithstanding, she, too, has had to bear the burden with us in ways that a little child can; fewer playthings, less clothing, no large parties—a little less of everything a child enjoys. Perhaps the most serious thing is that she has had to have less of her mother's companionship because of the many extra duties on her hands. It is more than a little hard to find time—even a few moments—in which to sit down with her, read to her, talk to her or just listen to her talk to me. I still do it, it is a precious thing that I must not give up, both for her sake and mine, and for that reason it may be that we both get more out of the few moments than we did when there were hours to give. She has accepted the lessening of her pleasures very sweetly and with such an increased show of affection for her father that I feel we should have missed something incalculably rich if we had not had our reverses to bear.

And I, what have I done? Only what every other good American wife and mother has done from the time of our Puritan forefathers until now. I have tried to "endure with patience the trial set before me"; I have sought spiritual strength and guidance in my church to help me "endure"; yet I have sometimes grumbled; I have burned with indignation at (what seemed) the unnecessary injustice and slights put upon my husband, with their consequent reaction of bitterness and trial upon the rest of us; I have been angry; I have grown tired to the point of fainting; I have wept many tears, not only of pity and regret, but of sorrow that I have not been able to do more for my own.

I have prayed for wisdom and strength and I have received the answer to my prayer. I have struggled to keep my faith and it has grown. I have sought assurance of better times to come and it is in my heart. I have tried to think upon all our afflictions in a spiritual sense—that to be spir- (Continued on page 51)

FOREIGN INVASION



Synopsis: The Owens are a mountain family, living in a cabin in the North Carolina Appalachians. Pa secretly runs a moonshine still; Ma is a toil-worn, faded old woman, of excellent stock but illiterate. Milly, nineteen, and Vi, fifteen, are pretty girls, already longing to see the world outside. Jim Hartman and Fred Adair, two real estate men, attempt to buy the cabin, but Ma refuses to sell, keeping her hand on her old family Bible, her most precious possession. Through Hartman and Adair, the girls get jobs as chambermaids in a resort hotel. The girls are smitten with the handsome young fellows. Jakie McRoy, an honest mountain boy, begs Milly to marry him, but she refuses. Miss Wray, a Welfare Worker, forbids the girls to work at Hill Top, and when they defy her, sends officers for them. Ma intercedes for them, and finally Vi, who has learned that Fred Adair is a rascal, with a wife living, agrees to go to Penmore, a school for girls; and on Milly's promise to save her money and help Vi and Ma, Miss Wray reluctantly consents for Milly to return to work at the tourist camp. (Now go on with the story:)



[PART FOUR]

I LOOKED at poor old Ma and wanted to scream with sheer pity. We girls in the mountains were trying to learn self-control and it wasn't easy for us. I knew how Ma was spending hours during these confusing, distraught days with her hand on the old Bible—praying.

She went on, "You gotta marry Jakie," she repeated. "Hit's the only way. He'd help us all—Jakie would."

I didn't doubt that; but turning to Miss Wray, the Welfare Officer, I said, "There were two big ideas. That's—one; that I marry Jakie. What's the other?"

She smiled, "It's—Queensport. There's work for mountain girls in the big mills there. They pay good wages."

By
May Dixon
Thacker

Ma's face brightened. "Wal, maybe, workin' in the mills shorely must be more ladyish than bein' at that Hill Top Tourist Camp," she said.

Quickly I agreed. "All right. It all sums up to one thing—to my earning money and helping Ma and Vi. I'll do it, gladly, but—I must work where I want to and that's—at Hill Top."

Ma spoke to Miss Wray, "I think Milly kin take care o' he'self. She's got a pistol and she knows how to use hit. She's actin'—square. I trust you, Milly."

"Thank you, Ma," I said, my eyes filling with tears of gratitude. "You don't have to worry about me. I'll stick to you and Vi and the kiddies. If anything—no matter what—happens to me, I'll write you and Lucy can read it to you." Lucy was thirteen; the one next to Vi.

Ma breathed a sigh of relief. "I set my mind—easy-lak," she said.

Miss Wray finally gave her consent, very reluctantly. I could have shouted for joy. I would get back to Hill Top the next day and everything would be gloriously happy. Jim Hartman, the "furriner" I was interested in, was there; Jim was interested in me too, I knew, though he hadn't said so, exactly. Of course, I'd always help Ma and the kiddies; I'd love to.

Miss Wray spent the night with us; yes, in the one-room cabin, in a bed with Vi. A large bed stood in each three corners and a trundle pulled out at night. Pappy came in after we were asleep, and was out and gone before we woke up.

The next morning, I had a talk alone with Vi at the river's edge where we used to play. She was chastened and submissive.

With her bright mind, she would do well at school and soon forget Fred Adair.

She sobbed out a warning to me, "Look out fer that Jim Hartman, Milly. I don't trust no 'furriner' any more."

"Oh, Jim is—different," I assured her confidently.

I promised to send her clothes from Hill Top and buy other things she needed. We had quite a bit of money saved, between us.

Jakie came before noon and we started off at the same time; Miss Wray and Vi to Penmore and Jakie with me, to Hill Top.

It was a glorious morning in early Fall. Jakie had little to say, but I was bubbling with chatter; about the chestnuts being no good any more and the persimmons getting ripe. Chinquapins were grand; he let me get some from a tree I spied.

All the world was wonderful that morning. I saw the squirrels in the forest scurrying under leaves, busily getting their family food for winter. I felt kin to these little wild creatures of the forests. . . .

When we came in sight of Hill Top, suddenly Jakie sprang to life. He sat bolt upright, clutching his car wheel. I looked into his face; the usually bland countenance was flushed a deep red and his eyes, always so calm and benign, blazed with anger.

"Wal—I'll be dog-gone!" he ejaculated. "What's the matter? What's wrong, Jakie?" I asked eagerly.

"Look! Look at that!" nodding his head in the direction his eyes had followed.

I looked and I saw! In front of a corner room that had been empty, with great square plate glass windows, several men were unloading boxes and crates from a queer looking truck, and carrying them in. Other men inside were unpacking. Red fox furs and beautiful hooked rugs and candlewick bedspreads!

Jakie brought his car to a full stop in



front and we watched. It was a big stock, being attractively displayed. Last, the men took out a huge sign and swung it in front between brackets that were already in place. The sign—HOOKED RUGS . . . MOUNTAIN CRAFT was electric in bright colors. Even at mid-day, with no current on, it was resplendent.

"They can' git away with that!" muttered Jackie. "Hit'll run us all outta business."

"Maybe—not," I ventured. "Hit will! I know. Them things are cheap, machine-made; some brought from Japan. I bin hearin' a lot o' talk but didn't think they'd dare."

"Who are—*they*, Jackie?" I asked. "Nobody kin find that out," he said. Jackie clenched his teeth and ground them. Mild and gentle as he usually was, when aroused, he could fight!

"They're bound to have the law on their side or they wouldn't dare," I said.

"Maybe—but we still got som'thin' better'n Law. You git out, Milly. I'm in a hurry."

I was glad to hop to the ground, and the next second, he was off at top speed. Trouble—plenty—was bound to follow.

I ran lightly around the Central Hall to the cabin I had shared with Vi. I saw Jim Hartman's car parked in its usual place and it made my heart leap with happy expectations.

Right away I began packing Vi's things for Pappy to get the next day and take to Penmore. We had no suitcases. I made neat bundles, wrapping in newspapers and tying with string; best I could.

When all was finished, I went to the Cafe and put in the remaining hours at work until 6 P.M. Then I returned to my cabin, missing Vi's companionship and the sense of protection it gave. I was on my own from now on. I would have to take care of myself.

When it was dusk, before the electric lights brightened the Camp, there was a rapping on the door.

I opened it. Jim stood on the little top step.

"Hello," he greeted gayly. Glancing around inside, he added, "You are alone?"

"Yes. Vi has gone to boarding school," I said.

I didn't invite him in, but stood in the doorway. "How about a little ride?" he asked, smiling brightly.

"N—n o w ? Tonight?" I stammered.

"Sure."

"Just us—two?"

I asked dubiously. "Vi isn't here, you see."

Jim laughed, much amused.

"What a silly little prude you are," he said, teasingly. Neither of us had mentioned Fred Adair's name.

"I'd love to go," I qualified, "but I—don't think I'd better," shaking my head.

Jim sat down on the little top step. "Let's talk it over," he invited, indicating that I sit beside him; and I did.

For a few seconds, we just stared at each other. My heart was going pit-a-pat but I tried to appear calm.

"Why are you afraid of me, Milly?" he asked.

"Am I afraid of you?" I countered.

His voice and manner grew chummy and confidential as he said, "Listen. There's going to be a swell party at Leroy's Place tomorrow night; music and dinner and dancing. You know—the Dance Hall in the pine grove with the colored lanterns swinging around?"

He paused and I nodded. "Yes, I remember." We had stopped there once for sandwiches; Vi and Fred and Jim and me. Always the four of us had gone together. But now, either I'd have to go with Jim alone, or not at all.

I was young. I wanted fun and good times. He seemed to be reading my thoughts. "What possible harm could there be in my taking you places?" he asked. "I want you to have fun, Milly, a swell time and I want you to meet some of my friends. How about your going to this party, tomorrow night?"

The idea precipitated me into a veritable panic of joy.

"Oh! How could I?" I exclaimed. On second thought, adding, "I have no party dress," dolefully, demurely, crowding back other deterring thoughts that might be more seriously objectionable. After all, I didn't know much about Jim Hartman. Pappy said—he might even be married.

"That's easy," he assured me blithely. "You can get one."

I was thinking of that. I'd have money

enough after buying everything Vi needed. "I've a plan," Jim said. "I've got to run into Asheville tomorrow morning. After all, it's only a bit more than a hundred miles. . . . Ever been to Asheville?"

"Never. I've never been—anywhere," I said.

"You can come with me tomorrow. We can start early and you can get your party dress. I can lend you the money," offered Jim.

Quickly I responded, "I have money. I must get Vi some things. I've already asked for the day and evening off duty. I intended to go to the Cross-roads Store."

"Fine!" he ejaculated. "You can do all the shopping in Asheville much better and—your party dress. We'll have a really delightful time. My friends will like you."

"Jim—are you sure it's—all right?" I asked again.

"How could it not be?" he challenged.

I had an uneasy feeling, and yet I had to learn the ways of the world, apart from Split Lick. I had never been to a real party. It was wonderful that a big successful business man from the North like Jim Hartman would care to take me around among his friends.

It was flattering and to my ignorance and inexperience proved his good intentions for, otherwise, he would not do it.

The more I thought about it, the happier I became. The myriad lights of Hill Top had been turned on and they fairly danced before my excited eyes, twinkling all around the camp. A moon was peeping over the rim of the horizon through the foliage. It all appeared to me an enchanted spot of fairyland, and Jim a Prince Charming, seated by me.

A Prince Charming, almost deferential in his attitude toward me and as handsome as a picture! Jim knew that I would be easily frightened and was so thoughtful and nice and considerate. There we were, alone for the first time and he didn't even try to hold my hand which is a first move, as everybody knows, to love-making.

My very heart sang with happiness. Oh, I would learn the ways of Jim's world. He should never be ashamed of me. I'd buy the prettiest party dress in Asheville and go to his party and meet his friends.

It was too wonderful! "Is it—settled?" he asked, quietly.

"I—reckon so," I hesitated. "If you're sure, Jim, that it's all right. I do trust you."

"Atta girl!" he approved delightedly.

Suddenly he got up as though impulsively to pull me beside him—when he stiffened; just seemed to freeze in his tracks. I could see in the dim light how his fine eyes narrowed as he gazed straight ahead.

The next moment, I saw what was happening. Coming toward us, not walking on the graveled path but over the soft green of the lawn, was a woman's quick strident figure.

Before I recognized who it was, she called, "Milly!"

It was Miss Wray, the Welfare Officer. What was she doing at Hill Top? She had gone to Penmore with Vi. How could she have gotten back so quickly?



I kept on admiring dresses and deciding which to try on first, when voices in the next room came to me. "It's a shame, how these poor mountain people are being exploited by unscrupulous men."

Illustrator CHARLES ZINGARO

I got up. "Oh, hello," I greeted her. Then introduced Jim. "You've met Mr. Hartman? This is Miss Wray—Jim."

"No, I haven't had that pleasure," Miss Wray responded, "Nice to know you, Mr. Hartman." She spoke pleasantly while Jim mumbled something.

Then she addressed me directly, "Milly, dear, I find myself stranded. . . . Could you put me up for the night?"

"Sure. Plenty of room."

"Thank you, dear. I'll get my bag." She turned abruptly and walked away.

I couldn't help but wonder—if Vi had told her how much I was interested in Jim? About my liking him?

"Does this call off our Asheville shopping?" he asked, dryly.

"No, indeed," I replied. "Why should it?"

He shrugged. "I didn't know. Okeh. I'll be at the Cafe at six in the morning. That's when you're supposed to go to work, isn't it?"

"Yes. I'll be there."

"Fine! Goodnight, and goodbye—until morning." He bowed, waved and started toward the Central Hall.

Miss Wray spent the night in my cabin, sleeping in Vi's bed. I wasn't sorry she had come, for it would have been lonesome without my sister that first night, though I'd get used to it.

Miss Wray told me all about Penmore and how she thought Vi would be contented and happy. "She has had her lesson," was the final summing up.

She also told me that it was being rumored that Ma's old family Bible was a rare edition and worth a lot of money.

"Mrs. Morris from Mayfair offered her a hundred dollars for it, the day she visited the cabin," I told her.

"So I heard. But, Milly, that Bible is worth much more, into the thousands."

"N—no!" I couldn't take that in.

"It really isn't safe to keep it there in the cabin," she said.

"It's been in that same cabin a hundred and fifty years," I reminded her.

"But—the mountains were not swarming with adventurers, dear, during those years. I'm worried about it and don't know what to do."

"Nothing you can do," I laughed. "You can't get Ma out of the cabin and you'll never get that Bible away from Ma. Nobody would dare try to."

"People dare most anything, these days, Milly," she said.

I didn't sleep much that night, not worrying over the Bible for Ma would take care of that; but wondering whether to tell Miss Wray about the proposed trip to Asheville the next day with Jim. He had assured me, many times, that it was perfectly all right to go with him. It certainly was, and yet—I had a timid reticence about telling Miss Wray. And I couldn't understand why.

It just wasn't in me to do things in an underhanded way. Ma had drilled truthfulness into us above everything else. Yet I tried to persuade myself that it was nobody's business. It was my very own life. I could take care of myself and Jim would take care of me.

I couldn't bear the thought of anything interfering with Jim's party the next evening. Jim was all of all right! Wasn't he going to introduce me to his own friends? The (Continued on page 46)

MARK 8:31. "The Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders and the chief priests and the scribes...."

RESPONSIBILITY

A Sermon by Robert R. Wicks

DEAN OF THE CHAPEL, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY



WE ARE living in a world where the fine old phrase, "responsibility to God," has dropped out of our current vocabulary. Our human race has for a long time been trying to be responsible to itself alone, as though our individual or group interests were enough to hold us in the straight and narrow path. But this secular practice has strangely led us into a state of irresponsibility that is becoming appalling. Nations repudiate their agreements whenever their interest is at stake. Growing suspicion and mistrust tend to drive us toward reliance on force, as though might could make us right. And the worship of cleverness subtly tempts its devotees to say with a certain business executive: "I would rather have a man who was clever and crooked than one who was good but dumb." There is our problem today in a nutshell.

It is high time we recovered our bearings by going back to the supreme life of all human history and reminding ourselves that what this one man died for revealed what all men are made for. The most significant feature of His personality and behavior was packed into that little word "must," when He said, "The Son of Man must suffer many things. . . ." He acknowledged a constraining power that held Him responsible and drove Him on in a career which has left results observable in the most astounding strand of history known to man.

The constraining drive of that "must" carried Him triumphant through as complete a defeat as ever fell to the lot of man, and carried over into His great apostle Paul who turned the tide of western civilization. That same force empowered a vast company of humble folk who, against the overwhelming odds of a mighty empire, put over a new religious view of life which has given us the heroes we worship and the parents who brought us up; inspired the greatest of our art and music, moulded our literature, mothered our science, and produced the eternal faith in the individual that has been the heart of the world's endless struggle for freedom. What a "must" that was! Its effect in our civilization has survived all corruption and wholesale betrayal. One of our leading philosophers once confessed to a friend, after a year's residence in China, that for the first time he realized how the human nature which he had observed and studied in America was not human nature in general, but a certain

type which had been unconsciously soaked for centuries in the Christian tradition. The originator of that far-reaching tradition lived as one responsible, not to His own interest or the interest of any other man or group of men, but to a will higher than all human wills put together—a will that worked toward ends that transcended the conscious purpose of anyone.

When Christ sought thus to reconcile us to a will superior to all that our will can ever be, he was not imposing some artificial relation upon us, but simply recognizing on the highest level of our nature what in the physical realm we readily take for granted. Ten years ago students were wont to talk of God as another name for mystery which would disappear as we came to know more. But it is perfectly plain that all the creative forces of nature remain superhuman miracles after we know them, for they supply an activity which will be forever different from anything we can contribute. No science can replace the miracle of spring, or of growth of any sort. Just as certainly no amount of human prudence can explain or displace the miracle of a compelling obligation which inclined Thomas à Kempis to say, "I would rather experience a compunction than to know the definition thereof." And no cleverness of ours can safely defy the divine judgment which warns us by tragic consequences that we cannot take the world out of the hands of the Creator and run it according to our limited and selfish ideas.

We might put this truth in a parable of actual life which was suggested by an imaginary parable of the great Danish scholar, Keerkagaard. Recently during a few days rest in the snow country of New Hampshire, I took a sledge ride behind a dog team from the famous Chinook kennels. For some ten minutes on the way out of town we had a bad time because the leading dog felt no obligation to obey the driver, but conducted the expedition according to a dog's idea of an interesting time; following an attractive scent over a snowbank, first on one side of the road and then on the other; turning into someone's gate with the whole pack behind him to visit a dog friend; and taking every alluring course save the trail we were to follow.

After repeatedly getting his teammates tangled up in the harness and making it impossible for them to work together, he was finally made to change places with a

younger dog, new to the work, but utterly devoted to the driver who had once nursed him through an almost fatal illness. This new leader, instead of traveling according to a dog's idea, constantly looked out of the corner of his eye and cocked an ear to be responsive to every signal of his master, as though eagerly bent on putting his will completely at the disposal of a will too great for him to know. Then we began to see what it was possible for dogs to be as they worked together under obligation to a kindly will which had a bigger grasp of the situation than they had.

Without that superior will for good, there would have been a strange void in the life of those dogs that could not be filled by dog-arguments about the existence of a superior being. Tied together as they were, and unable to untie themselves, they would have been lost without their driver; and no amount of private enterprise on the part of each dog, nor the massed power of some totalitarian dogdom could save them.

This parable puts the problems of our secular world in a true light, as we try to live individually and collectively without recognizing our higher responsibility to God.

To live in our limited choices and achievements under responsibility to the divine constraint that never lets us go, as we seek the way toward all there is to become—this is to know the great conversion. It is well for us today to remember what this change in the center of reference can do for our human lives.

For one thing it has been the perennial safeguard against cynicism. One of Columbia's beloved professors of philosophy wrote a book on a typical college student looking at life. He described one who in a black hour at night surveyed his life of complete skepticism, and saw in it nothing but a slow progress to death, with all successes ending as failures in the end. It appalled him to realize that if one had nothing to die for he had nothing to live for, and thereafter he found himself secretly hunting for God, as though there were a natural void in his life which could not be filled with "intellectual small talk," or by psychoanalysis, or money, or fresh air in the mountains, or by the "loud-mouthed attempts to flood boredom with laughter in Greenwich village." He desperately needed something to love in the desolation around that could constrain his life and give it sense. The description

ends with him dimly recognizing that though beauty and intelligence and order never become triumphant in this imperfect world, they do keep haunting the minds of men like some divine, immortal loveliness and enduring beauty which takes on flesh and lives among men to command their loyal devotion.

That young man was not far from the Kingdom of God. Unconsciously through his environment there had reached him some intimation of the Christian revelation that what is driving our blind human race is a love that can be rejected by men. Not with impunity, however! For a God of love can shake with judgments, fierce and terrible, a world that tries to run away from Him to be on its own. With an infinite solicitude for all sorts of persons, everywhere, He is in dead earnest about reconciling us to share His unsearchable purpose which includes the highest good of all of us.

And again, this responsibility to God is the only hope in the old, old conflict between what we ought to do and what we can do. Parents mostly think of behavior in their children as a conflict between what they ought to do and what they desire. That is a fundamental and very real struggle. But in addition to that, our children face today a more perplexing and unsettling issue. They find that their ideals seem to be helpless, just where they would apply them if they could. They wonder what is the use of them when nothing can be done about them, or, worse, when the regular business of society is carried on as though ideals were too airy to be of practical use. The situation is aggravated when they discover that people whom they thought were models of goodness are not, in actual living, as good as they were supposed to be.

This conflict begins within our own souls, where we become aware of some perfection that we are never able to reach—across a ditch, as it were, from all human achievement, yet strangely able to make itself known in the midst of our imperfection. This unexplained reality religion describes as the effect of the infinite God, because any completely understandable explanation is too simple in its attempt to squeeze the last drop of mystery out of life. No advancing steps of knowledge reach a bridge that takes us over that ditch to the perfection on the other side. But with the ditch there we are given warning of our incompleteness. Before we recognize our imperfection there must come through a loophole in our logic, some intimation of a perfection that makes us feel imperfect. This is what religious seers have meant when they have declared that we never would find God at all if He had not found us first.

Curiously enough, we cannot ignore that impossible summons from the direction of the perfect without losing our chance to develop the life that might be ours. It is as though our destiny were not discoverable without that persistent claim upon us. Who knows how good a friend he might be, or how thoughtful one should be to make a home and bring up children? How much should a scientist or a teacher know? We find out what is possible for us only as we hold ourselves bound unconditionally to the constraint of unattainable perfection.

Our conscience is not safe from bigotry and hate when we are sensitive only to the opinions of our fellowmen. Some one has said that few people are impervious to public opinion, but the only opinion that strikes them with full force is that of their own class. When their class supports them in their attitude, they feel they can disregard all other judgments.

For this reason our conscience is only safe when sensitized and clarified for us through the revelation of divine love in Christ with its "unlimited liability" for the life of human beings everywhere. We never are equal to the demand, but it makes all of us aware of our shortcomings and renders it harder for us to judge others as though we were so much better than they. Humility alone can keep open the channels of understanding between groups who stand off in self-righteous condemnation of each other. There are too many merely reasonable people in the world with too strong a sense of the sins of others. They are the very ones who become bigoted fanatics, ready to arouse blind hate by sweeping condemnation of great groups of their fellowmen. All that can save us from increasing hate is the moral insight and sympathy which derives from the only honest prayer in which all men can unite: "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

This conflict between the ideal and the actual grows ever more perplexing when our best intentions are forced to compromise as we put them into action. Patriotism makes us cooperate in war against our real desire; the making of a living may compel us to profit by the exploitation of the weak. There is no party, no church, no government we can join for action without being involved in much that is imperfect and wrong. Everywhere good people are caught in some compromise with evil.

Since the War exposed our hypocrisies on a world-wide scale, men have been tempted to suspect all goodness as hypocrisy, and ideals as an opiate for a movement



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ROBERT RUSSELL WICKS was born in Utica, New York, June 3, 1882. He received his A. B. degree from Hamilton College in 1904, graduated from Union Theological Seminary in 1908, and was ordained as a Congregational minister in the same year. His first pastorate was that of the Arlington Avenue Presbyterian Church, in East Orange, New Jersey, where he remained six years. He then went to Holyoke, Massachusetts, where he was Pastor of the Second Congregational Church, from 1914 to 1928, and also Chaplain of Mt. Holyoke College for the last three years of his stay in that city. Since 1929 he has been Dean of the Chapel at Princeton University. During the World War he was in the Y.M.C.A. service for several months. In 1910 he married Eleanor McMaster Hall, of New York City. They have three sons, and two living daughters, a third having died. He is now a member of the Board of Directors of Union Theological Seminary.

to repudiate morality and trust to cleverness and power. It seems a more honest course. In such a moral chaos our world is now adrift, and there is a widespread moral fear that our universe is indifferent to either good or evil.

But we must recognize that responsibility to God's unchangeable demand for our best is never equivalent to a practical policy, any more than a doctor's ideal can take the place of surgical skill. If we should recall here the illustration of the dog team and the human driver, we might say that our loyalty to God, like the devotion of the leading dog to the will of his driver, is what decides our direction when we have to choose between lesser or greater evils. Sometimes we may be able to choose between our own comfort or desire and a clear duty. Then no compromise is right. But the case is different when there comes a fork in the road where to take one duty we have to neglect another, or where either course leads to results we do not approve. At that point

(Continued on page 52)

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Protestant Action

WHEN Roman Catholics think that their faith has been flouted or their rights invaded, they get mad, form picket lines, write letters to editors, buttonhole legislators; in short, act like the political citizens they are. Protestants, whose aggregate weight is much greater, appear by comparison either meek or muscle-bound. But last week in Philadelphia a Protestant group took off its coat, rolled up its sleeves, and displayed capable biceps."

In the above unusual fashion, *Time* opened its description of a new movement launched by the Protestant church in Philadelphia. Five hundred Protestant ministers and laymen gathered in the historic Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church to give enthusiastic endorsement to a League for Protestant Action. Previously the Philadelphia Federation of Churches had appointed a Commission of Fifteen churchmen to make a survey of the entire field of Protestant civic and social neglect and to bring a report suggesting a possible united program. This committee of fifteen clergymen, representing practically all Protestant denominations, prepared a platform which was unanimously adopted by the League. This platform includes the following:

"All actions and deliverances by or in behalf of the League for Protestant Action shall conform to the following principles which are declared to be the sole standards of the League:

A. As a democracy is a government of, by, and for the people, its liberty can be maintained only as all the people think intelligently and act constructively relative to civic affairs.

B. The Bill of Rights, which guarantees our liberties, must be defended and maintained inviolate.

C. While under the Constitution each group in this nation has equal rights with every other group, this privilege is not to be abused, and no group, whether racial nationalistic, or ecclesiastical, should be allowed to place its own interests above the public weal or to exercise a disproportionate control of public affairs.

D. "The people of this democracy acknowledge now as always one supreme authority, the God of Nations, as revealed by our Lord Jesus Christ."

IT WILL at once be observed that the above formula is positive and not negative; that it is constructive, comprehensive, and that it is directed against Protestant indifference, without prejudice to the program of any other faith or race. Within recent months, Jewish synagogues and shops in Philadelphia have been plastered with anti-Semitic stickers; windows of a Negro church were smashed and a Protestant gathering called to promote tolerance and addressed by representatives of the three great faiths, was invaded by the supporters of a Detroit radio priest.

Philadelphia's Protestant Commission of Fifteen churchmen included in its investigations these and other manifestations that are not good for America. The Commission will proceed to arouse and organize the Protestant majority of America's third city. It will call Protestant citizens to register, to vote, to enter public life, to aggressively support the American public schools, to dramatize Protestantism's part in United States history and to release through all channels of public thought and expression those ideals and principles of Protestant faith that in the Western Hemisphere have risen side by side with American democracy.

Such a movement as this will not only answer the charge that the Protestant majority sadly neglects its sovereign heritage in free government, but it will forestall another such sinister and subversive movement as the Klan.

That Protestant action is required becomes daily more apparent. Catholic action has been and is increasingly a dynamic factor in public affairs, and particularly in the great urban centers of the country. The campaign of the Roman Catholic church to secure public funds in support of parochial schools has been waged for nearly one hundred years. Recently it has been encouraged by a minor success in the state of New York.

The Roman Catholic church believes that it is the business of the state to support education and to finance the education of the child, wherever the child is found. This viewpoint is at least partially reflected by a pending Federal bill. The principle itself has recently had a clearcut statement in its support from the pen of J. S. Byrnes, president of Holy Cross College. He writes in particular as follows: "The teaching of Catholics has been that the right and duty of education belongs primarily to the parent; and since education in the proper sense of the word is essentially a spiritual function, the control of the education of her own children rests ultimately with the church. This would not mean that the state does not have the right to establish schools. But there is a great difference between establishing schools and educating; between erecting buildings, paying salaries, and even compelling children to attend school and the actual work of education. The distinction lies at the root of the Catholic view of the respective rights of church, parent and state in regard to the education of the child."

President Byrnes concludes: "Education by these essentials is a function of spiritual society; its direction and control must rest ultimately with that society." The editor of *Christian Century*, commenting upon these statements, writes, "Whatever may be the merits of this theory of education, it is obviously inconsistent with religious liberty, equal treatment of all religious groups by the government, and the separation of church and state." With this conclusion we agree.

Respecting fully the right of every other religious group to express its opinions and convictions and to advance them by every available means under the constitution, as Protestants, we are bound to be equally loyal to our convictions and equally aggressive in their support. Significant of the spirit in which, as Americans all, we should make vocal and dynamic our citizenship, Dennis McCarthy has written these immortal lines:

"This is the land where hate should die—
No feuds of faith, no spleen of race,
No darkly brooding fear should try
Beneath our flag to find a place. . . .
Then let us purge from poisoned thought
That service to the state we give,
And so be worthy as we ought
Of this great land in which we live!

The chairman of Philadelphia's League for Protestant Action is the Reverend Doctor Nathan Raymond Melhorn, editor of the Lutheran, organ of the United Lutheran Church and one of this city's most vigorous and highly respected clergymen.

Let us hope that every other American city will organize a "League for Protestant Action."



GREAT CLOUDS OVER BRIXHAM HARBOR

Peace in England

LAST Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Morris, that is, the Vicar and his wife, came to Hearthstone to have tea with my daughter Penn and myself. It was rainy and cold so we had a fire in both drawing room and dining room. What they call our "American fires" are much appreciated by our English friends who rarely permit themselves such a luxury between May and October! After tea, Penn took Mrs. Morris for a prow around the house while the Vicar and I sat by the fire and talked about America.

I was surprised when Mr. Morris brought up this particular subject. I would have said that he was so engrossed in his parish and his numerous Brixham problems that his mind did not take many flights out of the British Isles. I never foist the U.S.A. on my English friends. I always let them make the first approach to this as a topic of conversation. Not that I am one of those despicable Americans who settles in England apparently for the express purpose of criticizing their native land and who take on the most astounding "English accent" along with all sorts of English customs with unbelievable rapidity. Such of my fellow citizens always put my back up and, I have discovered, the backs of the English, too. An American can no more masquerade as British than an Englishman can masquerade as American. My English friends like me to be completely American. And as I never could even think of trying to be anything else, we get along well with one another.

So the Vicar's first question pleased me. "As an American, what do you think of our English dole system?" I said I thought it was pretty demoralizing because the men didn't work for what they got.

He agreed with me and then we talked about road building as a public works project and in the Vicar's hands these roads led us directly to the dust bowls of America! And there Mr. Morris was vastly better informed than I. He had read everything he could find on the methods employed to bring those great devastated areas back into production. He didn't see why, from some angles, America's experience couldn't be useful to England with her millions of acres of desolate land. It occurred to me that some of my *Christian Herald* readers might have detailed information in magazine articles or clippings about our dust bowls which they would be willing to send me for the Vicar's benefit.

We managed not to talk about the war! And that was a feat in itself for over everything that is said or done these days is the shadow—no, I won't say shadow, for life is as cheerful and serene here as it ever was. I'll say that we are never unconscious of the fact that peace may have to be fought for, at any minute. Curiously, it is not a depressing thought now that the European democracies have made up their minds that peace is worth the sacrifice it may demand. Only once did Mr. Morris verge on the universal subject. As he and Mrs. Morris were leaving, he said he was going to be exceptionally busy this autumn because either there would be war or there would be a general election, either of which would make extra demands on him!

I saw the Morriszes again, yesterday, when I acted as chairman of the annual sale and meeting in the vicarage garden of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. And all the time as I sat facing that pleasant audience, I was conscious of the war threat, though



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

*Honoré
Morrow*

again, it was not mentioned by anyone. There was, I suppose, not an English person present who was not giving his or her leisure to intensive training of some sort against the coming of the nightmare. But no one spoke of it. The Vicarage upper garden has a lawn of smooth green velvet. It is surrounded on three sides by tall hedges. There is a lovely flower border beneath the hedges. On tables, before the borders, were heaps of needle work or knitted work made for the sale by members of the S.P.G. Some of the knitted work had been done by men—many Englishmen are good knitters. In the center of the lawn were perhaps a hundred chairs. In the lower garden were the tea tables. High over head sailed the great swollen gorgeous clouds that belong peculiarly to the North Atlantic. It was a little cold and threatening but the chairs were full at three o'clock. The speaker was a young clergyman from Singapore whose work is among the Christian Chinese, of whom there are many in Singapore. He talked smoothly, simply and clearly, in the clipped accent of Cambridge University, about the practical side of Christian work in Singapore; the curing of tubercular Chinese children, for example, as a direct response to Jesus' orders to his disciples. He talked without rant. He didn't need to rant. He was *being* a Christian. It was very quiet in the garden. When a gull lighted on the Vicarage chimney and screamed at us, everyone started. Beyond the high garden, I saw St. Mary's ancient churchyard and beyond, the grey town in the valley and beyond, the harbor, and beyond, Torbay, where an airplane carrier lay. I saw a bombing plane fly off toward Dartmoor, faintly lovely to the northwest. And I lost for a moment, the thread of the lecture while I *thought* a prayer that nothing ever should shatter this ancient peace.

After the meeting was over, I continued to do my duty. I bought an apron for Mrs. Searle and a pamphlet on China for myself. Then I had tea at table with four vicars and their wives and got caught in another job. I really must open English "doings" very well or else so badly that they get a kick out of it! For the Vicar of Dittisham Church asked me to open their garden fete in a fortnight. Of course, I accepted. It's like being asked to live out a chapter from "Cranford." And Dittisham Vicarage above the River Dart is a picture of all that is most exquisite in church life here. It couldn't belong to anyone but God. Am I not lucky?



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

September, 1939

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

"IN ALL THESE THINGS."

READ ROMANS 8:31-39

BEETHOVEN stands among the world's conquerors. He helped support his family by playing a church organ at eleven. By the early twenties, his hearing was muffled. By thirty he was stone deaf. Well might he have abandoned his career. Yet dauntless faith and resolution kept him true. Varied compositions sprang from his genius, culminating in the Ninth Symphony. But not a chord of that magnificent work did he hear. And we complain about our lot? If a like trust in God were ours, we also might know the joy of conquest, and by the music of a life harmonious inspire other souls.

Pardon our querulousness, our cowardly complaints at life's hardships. Put Thy Spirit of love within us, that through Christ we may conquer. Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

"MY YOKE IS EASY."

READ MATTHEW 11:25-30.

THE sun had set, but the Carpenter was still at work. A neighbor, returning from plowing, halted his oxen as the Carpenter came forth. "Look at this yoke, friend. See how it has chafed the necks of my beasts. Thou didst not make it. I thought to save a few pence by buying it from yonder fellow across the town." The practised eye of Jesus saw what was amiss. The yoke was indeed ill-fashioned and roughly finished. With skilled hands He hollowed it out anew, and rubbed it smooth. "No longer will it gall their necks," He said, smiling, "for I know what is needed, and My yoke is easy." Which yoke do we bear—that of self or the Saviour?; of sin or sanctification?

Grant us to walk in humble companionship with Thee, O Master, so that we may bear the yoke of obedience, and so find rest unto our souls. Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

"WE HAVE PEACE WITH GOD."

READ ROMANS 5:1-11.

WE NEVER miss the water till the well runs dry. We never know what home and friends mean till we have lost

them. And when the menace of war overshadows man's life, we begin to realize the value of peace. But in the spiritual realm there is a parallel. To be alienated from God by wilful sin, to allow evil to find a place in our hearts, is to lose that sense of the divine which alone makes life rich. The world may be wrong. It is easy to denounce others. But is our own life right? The Saviour died to abolish rebellion in the soul, to end the estrangement wrought by sin, to bring us to forgiveness and reconciliation. Is it peace?

Keep us from sitting in judgment on others and forgetting our own sins. Save us from familiarity with Thy mercy and grace, which may lead us to ignore them. Through Christ. Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

"LABOR NOT FOR THE MEAT WHICH PERISHETH."

READ JOHN 6:27-35

"LABOR not?" That seems practical, say the scornful, in a world like this. How can we live if we do not eat? And how eat if we do not work? So the outsider dismisses with contempt what he calls the impractical word of Jesus. But our Lord was a worker. He was graduated from the hard school of toil. So if He were not urging men to idleness, what then? He is giving the true motive for all labor. Not merely to make a living, but to make a life; not just to acquire money, but to fashion manhood and womanhood—that is the God-given aim of daily duty. By patience, conscientious effort, and enthusiasm, men may see our good works, and glorify God.

Grant us that true vision of life's service that the common duties of each day may become a sacrifice unto Thee, so that we may serve the Lord Christ. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

"AS A MAN SOWETH, SO..."

READ GALATIANS 6:1-10.

FOR weeks past, the fields have been busy. From early morning until sundown, the uncanny reapers and binders have been at work. The gleaming, golden grain has been harvested, to be minted into daily sustenance. And the depleted granaries of the world have

been replenished. That divine miracle, so regularly repeated, has become commonplace. But it reveals another truth besides the goodness of our providing God. Wheat, barley, and oats are true to kind. The seed must be sown; but what is sown is reaped. So is the seed of well-doing, of discipleship, of service for others. As inevitably as the sinful reap what they sow, so shall the righteous know the joys of harvest home.

Awaken such love to Thee that we may sow the good seed with generous hand, assured that the harvest shall recompense. Thus shall we magnify Thee, our Creator.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

"I WILL GUIDE THEE."

READ PSALM 32.

SAILING across the Zuyder Zee, in Holland, we were somewhat perturbed. The captain's boy, around twelve years old, took the tiller, and began to steer the vessel. It veered alarmingly, once or twice. But all our fears were baseless. Seated beside the lad, the grizzled old Dutchman was watching. And when the need arose, his capable hand gripped the tiller, and gave it the required direction. So, although we must steer the ship of our lives, and do it as truly as we can, we are not alone. As Christ took command when the storm swept that Galilean lake, so we may count on His gracious aid. His hand is on the tiller.

"Ask the Saviour to help you, comfort, strengthen and keep you. He is willing to aid you: He will carry you through." So shall you be guided and upheld.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

"UNTO THE UPRIGHT THERE ARISETH A LIGHT."

READ PSALM 27.

THERE are mornings when the mists hang heavy. The sun is hidden from view. But as the day advances, the sun gathers strength. The glint of gold in the sky, of green and russet leaves on the earth, and the day is bright with promise. So with life. Cares are like clouds which veil the heavens. Doubts and worries blot out the sunshine. Yet the sun remains, and God's love is likewise unaffected by life's changes. All we need is unquestioning faith in His dependability. Then "Man's clouded sun

shall brightly rise, and songs ascend instead of sighs."

O Thou who art the confidence of Thy people, we put our trust in Thee. Thou dost delight to honor such implicit faith. Aid us to rest in Thee. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

"ABOUND IN HOPE."
READ PSALM 42.

THE well-known picture, by G. F. Watts, shows a maiden sitting disconsolately upon the globe. Her eyes and ears are covered. Her back bows under an invisible burden. Her lyre reveals that every string is broken, except one. Instead of Hope, she looks like Misery incarnate. But that figure does not represent Hope, but humanity. Mankind has conquered the physical world, and yet has lost the vision, the faculty to hear the voice of God. Gaining the world, it has lost its soul . . . or almost. But the morning star, symbolizing Christ, surmounts the canvas. The trembling fingers seek the remaining string: the unfailing compassion of God. And while our Father remains, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is . . . my God." Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

"THERE IS A TIME TO BE SILENT."
READ JAMES 3:1-13.

THE answer to that question is Yes—and No. We do talk too much about some things; not enough about others. For instance, we presume on the friendliness of folk by discussing our aches and pains, our finances and our families, our cares and crosses. We both bore and burden people with our private affairs. And why should we? Have they not enough troubles of their own? We talk too much! And yet, not enough about other matters. What about a word of appreciation for some service rendered? What about offering sympathy, instead of seeking it? Suppose we try, just for today, not to mention our own worries, but to cheer some other heart and brighten another life? It would work wonders.

Enlarge our sympathies, O Lord. Let us not be so engrossed with ourselves that we fail to encourage our fellow-creatures on life's way. Give us unselfish hearts. Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

"HE ENDURED AS SEEING."
READ HEBREWS 11:24-34.

THE boy, watching a parade or a fire, wants to get near. But the nearer one stands to some things, the less one sees. Take a great painting. To view it close up is to see only smudges of pigment and brush marks. Even the artist

had to stand back, at intervals, to get his perspective and color values. That is a parable of life. We are immersed in duties that seem trivial; we cannot discern God's purpose. We are thronged by eventful happenings; we cannot see God's hand. But the Sabbath, the time of worship and private communion, places us where we can get perspective, and perceive spiritual realities.

Touch our eyes that we may see, our hearts that they may know, that will revealed to us through Thy beloved Son, even Christ Jesus, our blessed Redeemer. Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

"TAKE NO ANXIOUS THOUGHT."
READ LUKE 12:22-30.

MARK TWAIN sometimes gave even serious matters a quaint turn. He observes that, during his life, he had suffered many troubles, most of which never happened. And that might be said of many of our troubles. Our fears flung their shadows over the way. They haunted our sleepless hours. Yet they never really materialized. We bore all the harassment and fret of that which existed only in our minds. Seems foolish, does it not? Jesus said so. He showed us that it is best to thrust aside our groundless worries and baseless dread, and turn to the Father's love. For "If we trust, we do not worry; if we worry, we do not trust."

Enable us so to confide in Thy care, and in Thy mindful providence, that we may cast all our care upon Thee, who carest for us.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

"WHAT THINGS WERE GAIN. . ."
READ PHILIPPIANS 3:7-14.

THESE words have tremendous importance for the business man. They are his problem. How can he turn loss into profit? But in another sense, they apply to us all. You may recall a song about a blind plowman. His soul had found the way to triumph, for he praises his Maker, "God, who took mine eyes away, that my soul might see." Paul sacrificed much for Christ, but he turned loss to gain. Out of our reverses, our long disappointments, we may find profit. If we had to relax our hold on material things and found the spiritual, lost earthly riches and found the heavenly, forfeited comforts and found consolation, is that all loss—or gain?

Forgive our lack of belief in Thee, and aid us to understand more clearly the worth of Thy spiritual gifts to man. So shall our lives grow rich indeed.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

"ADD TO YOUR FAITH . . . SELF-CONTROL."
READ II PETER 1:1-10.

AFTER twenty-five years, an old stage-coach driver retired. He boasted

that, in all that time, he had never had an accident, nor a runaway. Then by way of explanation, he added, "Mind, I'm not saying I haven't had horses which were just rain' to go. Every horse does, at one time. But they never ran away with me because I never let them get started." That is the secret of handling ourselves, as well as horses. It applies to our habits, our tempers, our proneness to given sins. Once we permit the lower self to get the bit in its teeth, to assume control—disaster! But by Christ's help, we can hold the evil in check, and find safety.

Aware of our frailty, we implore Thy constant grace that we may not sin against Thee or our brethren. Help us to keep ourselves in hand this day.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

"WHAT MANNER OF PERSONS OUGHT YE TO BE."
READ II PETER 3:9-14.

WE OFTEN hear the retort, "So what?" It does not convey much, and yet it may. "God so loved the world"—so what? That proves He can never be unmindful of its welfare, and therefore the fears which mean disquiet and anxiety need not dismay. God is our guarantee of good. "Ye were bought with a price"—so what? That surely indicates that we are of incalculable value to God's heart. He felt that we were worth saving. "Ye are not your own"—so what? Henceforth, loved thus, redeemed at such cost, we dare not live for self and sin. We cannot be worldly and indifferent, or careless about our influence.

Because Thou, O Christ, hast given Thyself for us, help us this day to live as those who have given their lives to Thee. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

"MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEARTS."
READ EPHESIANS 5:8-19.


JENNIE LIND, the Swedish nightingale, knew the sadness of a shadowed childhood. The woman who gave the little orphan a home was compelled to leave her shut up all day, while she herself went to work. There the girl would sing to while away the hours. An impresario, struck by her voice, sought her out, arranged for her training, and set her feet toward fame. But Miss Lind afterward confessed that any beauty and tenderness in her tones were due to the griefs of her early days. So while we may feel disheartened and sad, like that child in her room, like the bird in its cage, like Paul and Silas in prison, we may discover the comfort and joyousness of the singing heart.

Despite our limitations, we have so much for which to praise Thee, our Father. Help us to rejoice in the goodness Thou hast bestowed, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.
(Continued on page 58)

Helen Evelyn Jones, Christian Herald's Cooking School Director, presents a relish tray selection to accompany the oyster stew.
Courtesy H. J. Heinz & Co.

By

CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

 **ORDER** a loaf of bread "Pepper and vinegar besides are very good indeed—now if you're ready oysters dear, we can begin to feed." The R months are back and "all the little oysters" are here again whether "in a row" or not, waiting for us to announce the first oyster supper of the fall.

Oysters taking their seasonal bow this month started life from seed planted four or five years ago in sea-bottom farms. Oyster men make the beds in which the oysters lie, clean shells are spread on the ocean bottom of the spawning area. The spawn floats on the surface, microscopic in size, when the shell begins to form, the baby oysters each no bigger than a pencil point, sink and attach themselves to the clean shell. Outgrowing their baby bed at one year of age "the youngsters" must be taken up and the bunches that have formed together hacked apart to prevent their growing into outlandish shapes. Then they are replanted in a larger bed with more growing room. When three years old they are moved for a third and usually last time. Here they stay until four or five years old to await plump and shapely maturity. As those oysters who followed the Walrus and the Carpenter—all of them are fat.

Growers pride themselves on their housekeeping at the bottom of the sea. They not only make the oyster beds—they mop the ocean floor. Young oysters must be constantly guarded from marine enemies. The worst of the lot, the starfish, has an insatiable oyster appetite. To catch this pest the oyster farmers use mop tails fastened to a sweeper which they drag across the beds. Hundreds of starfish get tangled into the mop and are hauled in and destroyed. Such hazards, the long growing period and the constant care required are a few of the reasons oysters are never really cheap to buy.

Oysters on the half shell are the most expensive service. You could never fill up a crowd and make a profit on a half shell feast. But in soup, in casseroles, oysters can be made to go a long way and keep everybody happy. When you serve the oyster supper make oysters the key dish. Plan the entire menu around their elegance. There need be no dinner introduction. But if you wish one make it something that leads up to the oyster course, tomato juice or beet juice cocktail or sauerkraut and tomato juice half and half. If the



"They'd Eaten Every One"

The Walrus and the Carpenter of Alice's Wonderland added only pepper, vinegar and bread when they made a supper of oysters. Here are a few additional suggestions for Oyster Suppers at the church.

dinner is an oyster stew, that is the beginning and the meal itself.

Relishes should go along, great bowls of crisp crackers and bread. A new way to present the relishes is demonstrated in the photograph on this page by Helen Evelyn Jones, Director of Christian Herald's church cooking schools. Miss Jones on a hot August day went to the New York World's Fair looking for food ideas. First stop was at the Heinz Dome where foods of tomorrow are displayed. A chat with their Home Economics director about relishes for this September oyster supper and—well examine the picture. The center arrangement shows celery stalks poked in a bowl of cracked ice. The platter is laden with radishes, with a part of their leaves left to form a wreath around the tray. The side dishes contain fresh cucumber pickles, sweet mixed pickles, horse-radish, and a dish of ketchup alongside, for those who like the two combined.

Another dish contains chow-chow pickles and for the well seasoned palate there is a spicy combination of chili sauce and India relish.

The glass dishes are the kind every homemaker uses for berries and other desserts. If the church hasn't such a set the five and ten cent store will provide sufficient for the relish setup for less than a dollar. But as every dollar counts we suggest you borrow them if the Church cupboard is lacking.

Oyster stew, relishes, crackers, bread—a meal. Allow seconds, even thirds, on soup if that's all you plan to serve.

OYSTER SOUP SUPPER

Savory Oyster Stew
World's Fair Relish Tray
Crackers Hard Rolls
Spice Cup Cake with
Lemon Meringue Frosting
Coffee



The Old-Fashioned Escalloped Oyster dish uses melted margarine in place of butter to moisten the bread or cracker crumbs
Courtesy Best Foods, Inc.

SAVORY OYSTER STEW

2 gallons oysters
2 teaspoons paprika
1/4 teaspoon allspice
1/4 teaspoon mace
2 gallons milk
8 slices onion
2 cups butter
3 3/4 tablespoons salt

Cook oysters in their own liquor with paprika, allspice and mace until edges begin to curl. Scald milk with onion and remove onion. Add hot milk to oysters, then add butter and salt. Serve at once. Yield 50 portions, a little over a cup each. The blazer may be rubbed with a cut clove of garlic before cooking oysters, if desired.

LEMON MERINGUE FROSTING

2 1/2 cups (2 cans) sweetened condensed milk
1/4 cup lemon juice
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Blend together sweetened condensed milk and lemon juice and

stir until mixture thickens. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread on cup cakes. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes or until delicate brown or place very low in broiler under a slow flame. Cool. Yield: frosting to cover 4 dozen cup cakes.

ESCALLOPED OYSTER SUPPER

Old-Fashioned Escalloped Oysters
Golden Cole Slaw

Rolls Butter or Margarine
Cocoanut Apricot Cake
Coffee or Tea

OLD-FASHIONED ESCALLOPED OYSTERS

1 1/2 pounds margarine, melted
6 cups bread crumbs or cracker crumbs
4 quarts oysters
1 cup milk or cream
2 tablespoons salt
2 teaspoons pepper
2 cups oyster liquor

Add margarine to bread crumbs. Put a thin layer in bottom of shallow greased baking dish, cover with oysters and sprinkle with salt and pepper; add oyster liquor and milk. Cover with remaining margarine crumbs. Bake 30 minutes in moderately hot oven (375° F.). Approximate yield: 50 portions.

GOLDEN COLE SLAW

10 pounds shredded cabbage
2 cups onion, chopped
4 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 cup parsley sprigs
3 cups mayonnaise
1 cup prepared mustard with horseradish
8 green peppers, sliced

Mix shredded cabbage with onion, seasonings and parsley sprigs. Blend mayonnaise with prepared mustard with horseradish and add to cabbage. Mix well and garnish with parsley and green pepper rings. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

COCONUT-APRICOT CAKE

1 1/2 pounds margarine
6 cups sugar
1 dozen eggs
3 cups milk
9 3/4 cups sifted flour
6 tablespoons baking powder
1 tablespoon salt
2 tablespoons vanilla

Cream margarine thoroughly. Add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring. Beat well. Bake in twelve greased layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Spread Apricot Frosting on top and sides of cake. Outline a circle on top of cake with toothpicks, about one inch from edge. Sprinkle coconut over sides and around top edge of cake to make a one-inch rim, leaving circle of frosting in center.

APRICOT FROSTING

1 1/2 cups margarine
18 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
1 1/2 cups apricot puree
6 tablespoons lemon juice
Coconut

Make puree from cooked, unsweetened dried apricots. Wash 4 1/2 cups of apricots. Cook with 7 1/2 cups water and boil about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Rub through a sieve. Cream margarine. Add alternately sifted confectioners' sugar and apricot puree, blending well after each addition. Makes enough to cover top and sides of twelve 9-inch layers or top and sides of six 8x8x2-inch cakes.

OYSTER PIE SUPPER

Cranberry Juice Cocktail
Oyster Pie
Buttered Peas
Dublin Salad
Lemon Cornstarch Pudding
Coffee

CRANBERRY JUICE COCKTAIL

10 pounds cranberries
2 1/2 gallons water
4 pounds sugar
1/2 cup lemon juice (2 1/2 lemons)

Cook cranberries and water until the skins pop open (about 5 minutes). Strain to make cranberry juice. Bring juice to boiling point, add sugar and boil 2 minutes. Chill. Add lemon juice. Serve ice cold in tall glasses. Yield 50 portions, 1/2 cup each.

Variations: Half cranberry juice and half grapefruit juice. Half cranberry juice and half gingerale. May be used as colorful liquid base for fruit cups.

OYSTER PIE

8 small onions, minced
1 quart minced celery
3 cups butter
2 1/2 cups flour
2 tablespoons salt
2 teaspoons white pepper
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
3 quarts milk
1 gallon oysters
Pastry rounds

Brown onions and celery lightly in butter. Blend in flour, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Gradually stir in milk. Cook over low heat, stirring frequently until thick and smooth, about 12 to 15 minutes. Add oysters and cook until their edges curl. Keep warm over hot water. Top each serving with baked pastry round and serve at once. Approximate yield: 48 portions.

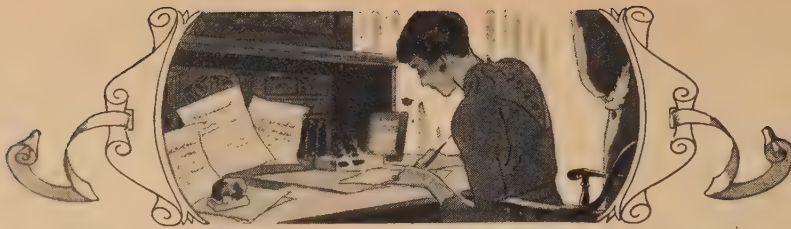
(Continued on page 49)



Spice Cake with a lemon meringue frosting is served as dessert to follow oyster stew
Courtesy of Borden Company



Here are oysters packed for shipment by fast truck and express within two hours after they are hauled from the sea
Courtesy the Andrew Radel Oyster Co., So. Norwalk, Conn.



MARGARET SANGSTER'S PAGE

Dreams . . . and Reality

I HEARD three high school girls talking together as they sat in a bus homeward bound from school. I was sitting directly opposite them and I not only listened—I watched each shade of expression as it crossed each individual face. They were discussing a subject that is dear to every young heart—and to every older one! They were planning the future.

"When I am grown up," said the first girl—a small, plump person who wore a blue beret and a square-cut reefer—"I'm going to be a concert singer. My voice is nice—the singing teacher told me so to-

ner . . . Yes, that's what I'll be—a concert singer."

The second girl—a slim, dark girl with broad shoulders—spoke next. "I'm going to be a great athlete," she said. "I was down in the gym this afternoon trying out for the basketball team, and the coach was—why, she was *swell*!" The girl sighed. "I love sports. When I'm grown up I'll be a golf champion and a tennis champion and maybe I'll even be a hockey champion . . . Perhaps I'll swim a channel sometime—if I get around to it."

The third girl had bright, sensible eyes and a broad, intelligent forehead. I particularly liked the sense of humor that showed in the lines of her mouth and in the quirk of her brows. "It's all very well to talk about what you're going to do," she remarked. "Day dreaming is *fun*. But tell me this: Elsie—" she addressed the small, plump girl—"Will you make the glee club *this year*? And, Laura"—Laura was evidently the athletic girl—"are you going to play on the first basketball team—or even *the second*?"

The girl named Elsie shrugged and the one called Laura murmured something beneath her breath—something that I couldn't quite understand. The third girl, seeing the shrug and hearing the mutter, laughed quietly.

"Tell me this," she queried tormentingly, "have either of you finished tomorrow's home work, and will either of you pass the French quiz at the end of the week? And will you have to wash the supper dishes tonight? Stop dreaming, you two, and take a try at reality. Speaking of reality have you enough money to stop off at Joe's sweet shop for a fudge sundae? That's what I'm going to do. *I* have a dime."

"Oh," exclaimed the first girl—and she was really much too plump to be a customer for fudge sundaes—"Joe's sweet shop is on the next corner. Ring the bell, somebody!"

The dark girl with the build of an athlete rang the bell hastily and then, with a hustle and bustle and a snatching up of school books, the three of them were gone, racing pell mell down the aisle of the bus. And I was left facing an empty seat—left with an amused smile on my face and the idea for this article in my brain.

Dreams—and Reality! As the third girl said, dreams are fun. There's nothing more enjoyable than speculation about the years-to-be. "What part will I play in the march of time?" you ask—and, no matter what your age or your station, your

dreams answer that the part will be glamorous. But dreams, unfortunately, do not always come true, and the present, with its stark reality, must be faced by all of us. The present—with its homely day by day tasks!

Dreamers have contributed much to the progress of the world—at first glance it would seem that they have contributed far more than the less romantic realists. Dreamers have fathered great inventions and have mothered heroic causes. But, oh, it's the people who stick to hard facts—and I mean really *stick*—who give the dreamers something on which they may build.

Take Columbus. He dreamed a great dream. Because of that dream he sailed across an ocean and discovered the land in which we live. But—and this is important!—it was the reality of Queen Isabella that made his voyage a success. Without the prosaic sale of the Queen's Spanish jewels, Columbus would have had no money to spend in the purchasing of ships and equipment.

Here's another case. A group of men, sitting in a colonial room, dreamed of a symbol for these United States, but could not put their dream into concrete form. It took Betsy Ross—a realist if ever there was one—to cut up the material she had in her work basket. She cut it into the shape of stars and stripes, and her flag was a dream come true.

I could go on telling of dreamers who dreamed dreams. In your own circle there are doubtless many such cases.

Don't dream implausible dreams, and keep away from those ambitions that cannot be achieved.

Friends of mine, *remember this!* Shape your vision for the future into a pattern that you have the ability to follow. In other words, try to want what you can get!

My Letter

THIS month's favorite letter comes to me from North Carolina. In it a shut-in tells me about her autumn garden.

"Between my bed-ridden times," writes my correspondent, "I have a garden in which I dream and plan and hope. Last year I had loads and loads of autumn flowers. They were lovelier, I think, than the summer ones. I shared them with many, and every Sunday send them to represent me at church. There were chrysanthemums and asters and dahlias and an odd gayly colored blossom which is known as the Korean hybrid . . . My first hybrids were sent to me from across many miles of land and ocean by a missionary friend.

"Last but not least I have darling autumn roses. My sister—who has been a mother to me as well as a sister—says that my roses are finer than their flashy neighbors, the dahlias, who live in the next bed. 'The roses' she says, 'are like modest Christians who live quietly and sweetly, whereas the dahlias think of nothing but pomp and circumstance and fashion.'"

H. R. H.

BRAVE PRAYER

The dreams we dream when youth is sweet,

Are sweeter far than youth;
They tell us that the world belongs,
To seekers after truth.
They tell us that the weak may win,
And that ideals survive;
And that ambition's gallant spark,
Will always stay alive!

The dreams we dream when middle age

Has brought its meed of sorrow,
Dwell often in the yesterdays—
Instead of the tomorrow.
They tell us that the hopes we knew,
Were far too gay to last,
They beg us to remember youth—
Though it has hurried past.

The dreams we dream when sunset time

Becomes the afterglow,
Are frail and silver as a star,
And melt as fast as snow.
And yet, to eyes made dim with tears,
To heads bowed down with care,
They give a lift—for these last dreams,
Reflect lost youth's brave prayer!

day. I'll have concerts all over the country and I'll sing before the President, and then I'll sing in front of the crowned heads of Europe. That is," she added prudently, "if there are any left by the time I'm really a success." She hesitated, and a little dimple appeared in her right cheek. "I'll get my name in all the papers," she bragged, "and I'll have my picture printed in magazines and I'll wear lovely dresses with long, trailing skirts that'll make me look taller and—and thin-



Copr. 1939, H. J. Heinz Co.

Spice Hunters

ZANZIBAR! Ceylon! Penang! Amboyna! What romantic pictures these ports of spices bring forth! Gripping legends studded with dusty caravans—brave sailing ships—shimmering silks—redolent incense—and ancient iron-bound chests.

The colorful thread of man's search for flavor is firmly woven throughout history. Daring men courted hunger, hardship and even death, seeking the riches that spices brought. Keels of ebony and teak plowed their course through uncharted seas to mark passages to new worlds. But these voyages were counted as failures unless they yielded precious spices actually worth their weight in silver in those days.

In spices, as in everything else, nothing is ever "good enough" for Heinz 57

Varieties. Heinz spice-buyers have travelled as much as 40,000 miles in a single year to secure rare, delightful savors. On the island of Amboyna they have found cloves so fine and pungent that the natives formerly used them for incense in the temples.

Today these same cloves lend their delicate carnation-like fragrance to Heinz Mixed Pickles, Ketchup, and Chili Sauce.

The fine hand of Heinz practices a subtle restraint in creating its magic in flavors. Centuries of spice lore have been tempered with seventy years of catering to the American appetite. So, there is never a harsh note in the taste-harmony of any Heinz product. A touch of this—a mere wisp of that—and a faint blessing of the other add the delicate bouquet and witchery that make food glow.

The wedding of pure spices and pure foods the Heinz way re-creates those boyhood tastes that men never forget. An aviator wrote that the air at 1,000 feet over one of our kitchens was heavy-laden with the tantalizing, mouth-watering scent of ketchup-making, and it recalled his own boyhood home-kitchen at ketchup time.

Heinz hunt for flavor never ceases. We search the remote parts of the world for new delights. If there is a finer taste, we will discover it. That's why nothing else can ever taste quite like a Heinz product. That is why we have found our way to the hearts of men everywhere through the old familiar route—why the 57 Varieties have been guests at the best tables of the world for over 70 years. (57)

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

GROWING UP IN BUSINESS

(Continued from page 17)

stock if I subscribe?" "What guarantee do you get," replied one of the girls, "when you buy any kind of new stock?"

At the end of two days' selling, the issue was oversubscribed by twenty-eight shares. Four months later, this corporation, along with a call for a stockholders' meeting, sent a four per cent dividend—two cents on every share.

With the capital in hand, the company is ready to go ahead with production. Plants are located wherever rents are cheap: in unused basements, attics, store-rooms. Wherever it is, the space—this being a business enterprise—is always paid for. Help in selecting materials and in the initial production is provided by the headquarters of Junior Achievement, which keeps records of the experience of all the companies, maintains several trained craftsmen on its staff and has a year-around showroom for the display of the finished products. Several of New York's most prominent industrial designers have volunteered their aid in improving the quality and design of the more or less standard articles.

JUNIOR Achievement companies manufacture only hand-made articles. Competition with adult concerns is thereby kept at a minimum and the young people, themselves, are given training in craftsmanship which is a part of the Junior Achievement program. The list of articles manufactured is a long and varied one. It includes, in addition to plastic ornaments and utensils, such more expensive items as sterling silver jewelry, pottery, elaborate leather desk sets, and plain office furniture. The Printcrafters is a company which handles personal printing jobs. The leather articles in use at the Yale Club in New York City are of Junior Achievement manufacture. So are the made-to-order pencil holders worn by the clerks on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange.

To make sure that each member has a chance at all the problems of his concern, the membership in a single company is limited to fifteen. Jobs are rotated. This year's general manager, who has charge of actual production, may be next year's president with general oversight of the entire company. A year later he may be sales manager or merely a working member of the company, and, like all its members, one of the board of directors.

Every participant is, at the same time, both capital and labor. As a representative of capital he votes wages—five to ten cents an hour—which, as a working man, he collects. He fixes the minimum hours of his own employment—generally three hours a night, two nights a week. As the financial statement may dictate, he votes reductions and raises.

The members of one company, in their role as wage earners, recently appeared before their adult adviser with a demand for increased pay. What were they going to do—strike to get it? No, a strike would shut down the business. All right, increased pay could only come out of reduced costs and increased sales. Whereupon, the young men present convened themselves as a Board of Directors, laid

out a plan to accomplish those two things and—three months later—were able to increase their pay out of increased earnings.

The members of another company which I visited had just determined—business being in a slump—to reduce their wages by half, the officers agreeing, until things took a turn for the better, to accept nominal wages. New members go through a trial period with no pay until, as one young man pointed out, "we find if they're going to produce." The considerable few members who report late for work, or are unproductive, have their pay docked and, occasionally, are voted out of the company.

Responsibilities are taken seriously. Each company is supplied by the national organization with report blanks which are sent in by the tenth of each month. These include a complete financial statement, order forms, sales sheets. There are also time cards to be kept. Most companies likewise have "assignment cards" so that each member, arriving at work, can take his card from the box and find the particular job assigned to him for the current work period. Shop orders, which are kept on each article of manufacture, list the material used, its cost, the itemized labor charge, overhead and selling expense, sales price and profit. Awards are made at each year's national convention of Junior Achievement for the best set of books.

Each Junior Achievement company makes quarterly statements to its stockholders and, when the earnings justify it, pays quarterly dividends. One company, organized in 1930, has paid a twenty per cent dividend in every year since. "We think we've done pretty well," the president of that company remarked, "considering the depression." Labor troubles are unknown. But at least one company has had stockholders' trouble.

THERE is ample evidence to indicate that the Junior Achievement effort to help young men and women to understand the American economy and to fit them to carry it on is a sound one. "I hold no brief for labor or for capital," said a company treasurer in a speech at last year's annual convention, "except to say modestly that in Junior Achievement we experience both and see clearly that results can come from a clear, harmonious understanding and team work of both. I know I will be a better workman and hope, in time, a better boss because of my experience in Junior Achievement."

A wealthy patron of good causes recently visited a Junior Achievement plant. When he left he placed an envelope in the hands of the president of the company. Opening it later, the president found a sizable check. He immediately summoned the members of his corporation to sit as a board of directors. Unanimously, the board voted to return the check with thanks. "We would appreciate your orders," the friend was informed, "but our company does not accept donations."

I heard the discussion that ensued when an adult sponsor of one corporation suggested the purchase of new machinery in order to increase production. The

members were all eager for more production. But after one of them had pointed out—with references to the treasurer's report—that "an obligation" still hung over the company for equipment previously purchased the idea of "further expansion at this time" was voted down.

Five years ago, a company was organized in a neighborhood in New York City where the Young Communist League was making considerable headway. A number of the charter members of this corporation were "regulars" at a Communist summer camp. Among them was one of the Communist ring-leaders. He was made the first sales manager of the new corporation. His company went into the manufacture of leather articles and one of his first orders came from the Yale Club. At present, his company's best customer—buying leather articles in "job lots"—is the New York Stock Exchange.

When I made some reference to Communism at this shop the president was sheepish. He waved his hand around the business-like and well-equipped room and then patted the order book in front of him. "You can see for yourself," he said, "we've outgrown all that."

In some cities where Junior Achievement is at work, unemployment among sixteen to twenty-one year old youths runs as high as forty-eight per cent. Among the sixteen to twenty-one year old young people in Junior Achievement only two per cent are unemployed. This is largely because of the fact that a young person, with a Junior Achievement background, is no ordinary job hunter.

"How old are you?" asked a prospective employer of a Junior Achievement youth who had had applied for a job as bookkeeper.

"I'm nineteen," said the boy.

"What experience have you had?"

"For three years," the boy replied to the amazement of his interviewer, "I've been treasurer and bookkeeper of a corporation that manufactures leather goods. We've made a profit every year. I've brought my books along for your inspection," and he brought out the records of his Junior Achievement company. He got the job.

ONE young man with whom I talked had just lost his job. Friends suggested that he apply for W.P.A. Instead he bought twelve cents worth of typewriter size white paper and went around to see a friend who worked in a print shop. The friend secured permission for him to borrow some type and the use of a hand press. From the files of another shop he dug out the halftone cut that had been made of him when he graduated from high school. Three nights later, after considerable experimenting and several false starts, he returned home with a neatly printed folder. On one side he had reproduced his picture with his name, address and telephone number underneath. On the other side, under separate headings, he listed his qualifications—"Education," "Experience," "Hobbies and Interests," "Type of Work Desired."

Experience included his Junior Achievement record: Business leader—Oddity Shop, three years; vice-president, one year; president and general manager, (Continued on page 47)

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Hammond Organ installation in the First Christian Church, Salisbury, Missouri.

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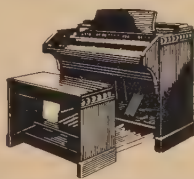
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(Continued from page 33)

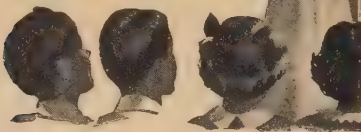
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very first thing! And we'd all have fun!

I finally dropped to sleep satisfied. Waking early the next morning, I found Miss Wray already up and dressing.

"Are you going to work today, dear?" she asked casually.

It was a direct question. An evasion would be a direct fib. There was nothing to do but say, "Not today. I've those things to buy for Vi. Mr. Hartman is driving in to Asheville and he says that I can go along and do the shopping there."

Miss Wray's hand paused, suddenly, as she combed her hair. Then she laughed and said, "Oh! What luck for me. I have to go in to Asheville today to our headquarters. My car needs attention. I can leave it at the garage here, and go right along with you. That is, if you don't mind."

"Of course not," I answered, really glad to have her.

When I was dressed for the trip, in a fresh print—all I had—I frankly saw in the bureau mirror that I was—yes—beautiful. I scarcely dared let myself think so, but it delighted me. My cheeks were like red apples; no need for rouge. Over the blonde curls, I perched a plain little green felt hat; all I had, but it was jaunty and becoming.

Jim would not be ashamed of me, ever. I had education enough to get by, at first. I would use my wits and keep on educating myself.

At 6 A.M. it was not very light and the electricity had been turned off. Miss Wray and I slipped across to the cafe. If her presence, to go with us, surprised Jim, he didn't show it. He was polite and seemed pleased to have her. She got in the back seat while I sat in front by him.

As he started the engine, suddenly, a great commotion broke out. Yells, screams of people and scampering of feet came from the Central Hall. Jim backed across the road into the shadow of a building.

"Oh! What is it!" I gasped.

"Trouble at the store," said Jim. "Looks like they're tearing things down and stuffing them into boxes."

Someone switched on the electricity and lights flooded everything. Jim didn't see what I saw—mild Jackie McRoy ambushed behind the counter in the store, giving directions. The two men with him, I felt sure, were my older brothers, George and Will.

"This country is uncivilized, barbaric," Jim fairly snorted.

"I guess they think they must fight for their rights," I dared to defend.

"Fight? Fight what?" he asked.

"A foreign invasion," I stated. "People from everywhere coming in and running away with everything. Bringing in cheap goods and pushing us out."

"So! That's gratitude for you," he said, laughing lightly. "You mean—people coming in and bringing in money and handing out jobs."

"But taking away the jobs we like and have always had," I reminded him.

Jim turned his engine off. He seemed undecided whether to go on or to turn back. Miss Wray made no comment. Finally Jim said, "The Law will take care

of those hoodlums." And we were off on the concrete highway.

How I did enjoy that beautiful drive. Never had the world looked so wonderful. The foliage on the mountainsides was just beginning to be brushed with the gorgeous autumn splendors of brown and gold; the air was a stimulating elixir; my heart was singing with happiness.

The conversation was general and impersonal. Miss Wray made herself agreeable, and more and more I was glad she was there.

When we reached the outskirts of Asheville, thrills of youthful, joyous anticipation surged through me. Never had I been in even a small city. Everything was strange and confusing and exciting.

Fortunately Miss Wray could make plans for me. Jim was to drop us at the Asheville Hotel. "It's central," she said, "near all the places Milly and I want to go."

Jim acquiesced graciously. We agreed to meet him back there at four o'clock.

I was a bit tense and frightened as we drove through seemingly endless streets and congested traffic. Once, in what appeared to me the spacious comfortable lobby of the hotel, alone with Miss Wray, I felt better.

"Gee! I don't know what I would have done, if you hadn't come along," I sighed. "I wouldn't have known what to do."

"You'll learn, dear," was her quiet reply.

You bet I'd learn, I thought, and learn fast.

We sat down on a big soft couch. "Now, let's see," Miss Wray began, "you want to shop. Have you your list?"

"Yes—um." I couldn't tell her a thing about the party dress to be bought. I trusted fate to open a way for me to get it without her knowing. I had a strong feeling she would not approve, either of my buying the dress or of my going to Leroy's Place with Jim. And really that was none of her business. It was not up to me to tell her, unless she asked, which she wouldn't.

It turned out perfectly for my purpose. There was a big department store near by. She wanted to attend to some business and would leave me at the door of the store and come back for me.

That was fine! I had never been in a big store before. I got along, asking questions, and went straight to the dress department.

Two salesladies were especially kind and understanding. One of them wanted to know if I "charged" things. I told her I had the money.

They selected a lot of dinner dresses and took me into a tiny little room, like a booth, to try them on. Then they went out, and I was glad of that. I kept on admiring the dresses and deciding which to try on first, when voices in the next booth came to me; I couldn't help but hear a whispered conversation.

One said, "She's a mountain girl. Pretty as she can be and green as a gourd."

The other replied, "She's got money. I had to ask her."

"I reckon some man gave her money."

I felt my face turn crimson. A curious chill began creeping around my heart. I couldn't hear all that was said, but now and then it was distinct. I was totally unprepared for the shock that followed.

(To be continued)

three years; chairman of the board, two years. "I won't be out of work for long," he said.

But these young people not only turn the experience of Junior Achievement to account in getting jobs. They capitalize on it for improving the jobs they get. A member of one company which I visited had started work as a messenger boy for a delivery company. After he had served for some time as treasurer for his Junior Achievement corporation, he went to his boss and, presenting the details of his Junior Achievement experience, told him that—with such a background—he was qualified for a better job. He was promoted to a cashier's post. A Western Union messenger boy used the drawings he had made for his Junior Achievement company to boost him to a position in the drafting department. One of the charter members of the oldest corporation in New York took seven years to complete his high school course. But his Junior Achievement company uncovered the fact of his near-genius in mechanical and engineering problems. Mining appealed to him and, lacking any better place to start, he got a job as an unskilled laborer in a Colorado gold mine. Today, still under thirty, he is consulting engineer for three of the country's large gold mining companies.

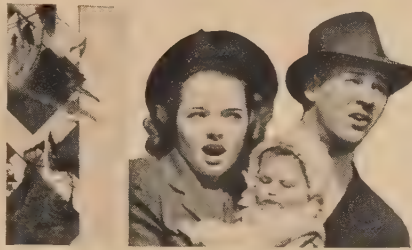
The former president and present sales manager of one of the most successful of these companies is a young man who, by day, is foreman at a large paper box factory. He went to work at the factory, as a floor hand, when he was eighteen. At the factory he joined the union. At Junior Achievement he became a corporation president. At union meetings, he called on what he describes as his "management experience" to answer the arguments of the hot-heads. He was just as outspoken when, as it seemed to him, the management was unreasonable. Meanwhile, he studied his job, used the production knowledge gained in Junior Achievement to good advantage and appeared, one day, with a plan for the rearrangement of the floor on which he was working. The boss liked his idea and he was promoted to foreman's assistant. At twenty-one he was made foreman. Today, at twenty-three, in addition to his Junior Achievement office, he is vice-president of his union local and a member of the grievance committee at his plant. With strikes rampant, his plant has not had one in more than three years.

In terms of their financial statements, most Junior Achievement companies stay comfortably in the black. A case study indicates that they are in the black in more important matters. It is part of the Junior Achievement record that it fits young men and young women for business by putting them into business. It also is a part of the record that, in the course of that experience, these young people, in their attitudes, are moved out of the negative and into the positive column. They not only add to their own assets, they become assets themselves.

"The stupid "self-improvement" books have attained their present high circulation because so many Christians have stopped reading the Bible."

Dr. C. Leslie Glenn.

"Let's duck...here comes that nosey pest again!"



*How Esther raised
her baby the modern way...
in spite of a snoopy neighbor*



1. NEIGHBOR: Well, well, well... if it isn't our new mother... Did you take my advice about your baby, dear-r-r-R-R?

ESTHER: No, I didn't. I thought it was too old-fashioned.



3. NEIGHBOR: Modern methods? Bosh!

ESTHER: It's not bosh. It's common sense. My doctor tells me that babies should get *special* care... all the way from *special* baby food to a *special* baby laxative.



5. ESTHER: That's why the doctor told me to buy FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. It's made *especially* and *ONLY* for children. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It won't upset a baby's stomach, and it works mostly in the lower bowel. It's gentle and *SAFE*!



2. NEIGHBOR: Why... what do you MEAN! I know *something* about children. I raised five of them, didn't I?

ESTHER: Yes, but you did it the hard way! Me... I'm following *modern* methods.



4. NEIGHBOR: *Special* laxative? My dear! That's putting it on!

ESTHER: It is *not*! If a baby's system is too delicate for adult foods... it can also be too delicate for an adult laxative!



6. BOB: Oh boy!... you sure told off that old snoop about Fletcher's Castoria... but why didn't you tell her how *swell* it tastes, too?

ESTHER: I should have! I wish she were here to see how the baby goes for it... the old buttinsky!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—*SAFE*—laxative made especially and *ONLY* for children

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(Continued from page 15)

alleged lack of interest, but you must admit that his Mothers' Room project does "make sense." The records already reveal that the youngsters whose mothers are regular patrons of the Mothers' Room show unmistakable signs of having the jump on other children when they enter school. That's why the teachers, admittedly aware of their handicap in teaching a child to love books when the very mechanics of learning from them so often causes the child to feel indifference or even violent dislike for them, sing Sumner's praises. They say it's a joy to teach children whose parents already have gone with their children through Sumner's mill. In Youngstown they refer to the Mothers' Room project as "a vestibule to the school program."

When Clarence Sumner opened his Mothers' Room in December, 1935, there was some slight flurry of interest, but nothing of the jubilee variety. A few bookish people thought it a good idea, the American Library Association and the World Association for Adult Education gave it a patronizing nod and a refined flutter of applause, and the local newspapers printed an announcement. The room's circulation for the first month totaled only 294 books.

But, as has been mentioned, Sumner is no great shakes as a watchful waiter. The patrons were slow in coming to him? Very well, he'd go to them!

He proceeded out into the highways and hedges, speaking before women's societies, P.-T. A. gatherings, luncheon clubs, church groups, radio audiences; wherever two or three mothers were gathered, there was Sumner in the midst of them. He got out a little pamphlet, "An Appeal to Mothers of Pre-School Children," and scattered them everywhere through Youngstown's residential sections; telling what his library had to offer parents who were interested in raising something beside numbskulls. He wrote a book (*The Birthright of Babyhood*),* now a best-seller among works of its kind) which described the project and offered a graded "reading menu" for the use of parents. He even engaged in a campaign of consistent stork-baiting; every day he would carefully scan the birth announcements section of the newspapers, and see to it that right along with the flowers and best wishes of friends there would arrive a library assistant or a batch of literature outlining what the Mothers' Room had to offer the new mother.

The popularity of the Mothers' Room rapidly caught on. In January, 1936, the second month of its operation, the circulation was stepped up to 853. In February it soared to 1,426. And during March it went to 1,864. This was rapid but not mushroom growth. From the very beginning Sumner's method had the shape of permanence. A record was kept of the books taken out for each child by its parent, in order that intelligent supervision might be exercised by the Mothers' Room assistants and the child's particular interests charted and developed.

Before the project was four months old it had attracted so much attention that Sumner considered the time ripe for launching his first Mothers' Institute, designed further to acquaint parents and

teachers with pre-school methods of child training. As leader of the three-day institute, Sumner secured the services of Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph.D. (heretofore mentioned as an early applauder of the Mothers' Room idea), who has a reputation in Youngstown, as elsewhere, as a competent child psychologist and syndicated newspaper columnist on child behavior problems. Three hundred mothers attended the first meeting, listened to lectures on the technique of child training that were not tangled with technical terms beyond the grasp of the most illiterate, and watched demonstrations that showed actual infants and small children responding to the singing of lullabies, the use of finger-plays and the reading of stories.

Libraries in other cities became interested, and to more adequately tell the world about the project Sumner, in collaboration with Dr. Myers, wrote a second book. This is entitled "Books and Babies."** Mrs. Sumner, whose experiments with her own child were the inspiration for the Mothers' Room, also fell to authoring. Her book is "Let's Play With Fingers,"*** an illustrated volume showing mothers how to begin this book-love business by finger-plays.

The second Mothers' Institute was held in November, 1937, in connection with the observance of National Children's Book Week. Sumner drummed up attendance this time by sending a personal message to the mother of each child born in Mahoning County during the preceding four years. This included more than 12,000 mothers, and the attendance made enlarged quarters necessary. Since then the institutes have become annual features, attracting educators and library people from far and wide.

In addition to the institutes, Mrs. Myers, wife of Dr. Garry C. Myers and herself an expert in the parent education field, is brought to the library twice monthly, giving two lectures daily and acting as "library consultant" on child problems and family relationships. And the influence of the Mothers' Room is by no means confined to the library itself. Mothers' book clubs have been formed all through the city and county, and thousands of children have been stimulated to start their own libraries at home.

Sumner has made this library an important adjunct in the busy lives of Youngstown people. He has put books into his town's main bloodstream. He has made the public library system an indispensable asset to his community. He has a staff of 100 assistants, and he has imbued every one of them with his spirit. Their job is not simply checking books in and out. His librarians will perform any service from hunting up suitable names for babies to supplying recipes for young wives anxious to impress a mother-in-law; from providing the correct quote on the President's latest demands from Congress to giving the latest rearrangement of the map of Europe. Youngstown people know they have a library program that not only "begins with babies" and provides reader guidance from pat-a-cake to Proust, but one that is organized to perform a thousand and one little services—and do it in the spirit of "Thanks for giving us the chance to help you!"

**A. C. McClurg & Co., \$1.75

***Albert Whitman & Co., \$1.50

*Thomas Nelson & Sons, \$1.00

DUBLIN SALAD

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 (26 ounce) package gelatin dessert (lemon flavor) | 2 quarts cold water |
| 1 tablespoon salt | 1 pint grated raw carrots |
| 2 teaspoons paprika | 2 quarts raw spinach, coarsely cut |
| 1 tablespoon celery salt | 1½ quarts raw white cabbage, chopped fine |
| 2 quarts boiling water | |
| ¼ cup vinegar | |

Mix gelatin with seasonings; add boiling water and vinegar. Stir until dissolved; add cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken. Pour enough of the mixture into 4 loaf pans to cover bottom. On this place carrot in thick layer; add layer of gelatin, then spinach, more gelatin, then spinach, more gelatin and cabbage and fill mold with remaining gelatin. Chill until firm; cut into slices and serve on lettuce. Yield: 48 portions, slices 2 inches by 4½ inches by ⅝ inch thick.

BAKED OYSTER MENU

Baked Oysters and Noodles
Green Beans with Bacon
Cabbage and Green Pepper Relish
Peach and Raspberry Sponge
Coffee

BAKED OYSTERS AND NOODLES

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 8 (12 ounce) boxes frosted oysters | 1 cup flour |
| 2 cups butter | 2½ quarts milk |
| 1½ tablespoons salt | 1 gallon uncooked broken noodles |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | 1 quart buttered bread crumbs |
| 1½ tablespoons paprika | |

Allow oysters to soften a little. Saute oysters in butter until edges curl, then add seasonings. Drain oysters, and blend flour into liquid. Gradually add milk, stirring until thick and smooth. Cook noodles in plenty of rapidly boiling salted water until tender. Drain and arrange half of them in greased casserole. Cover with oysters, then add remaining noodles. Pour sauce over top and sprinkle with crumbs; bake in a hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes. Approximate yield: 48 portions.

CABBAGE AND GREEN PEPPER RELISH

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| 4 quarts cabbage | 1 tablespoon celery seed |
| 3 cups peppers | 1½ tablespoons mustard seed |
| 2 cups pimiento | 1½ tablespoons salt |
| 1½ quarts celery | 2 cups vinegar |
| 2½ cups brown sugar | |

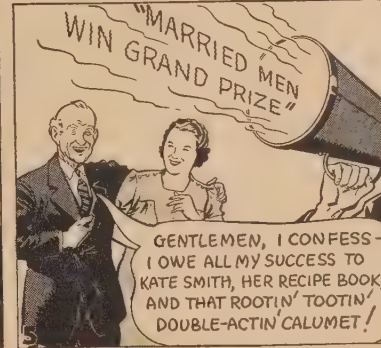
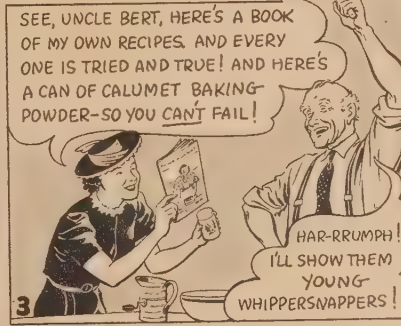
Shred cabbage fine. Chop green peppers and pimientos. Dice celery in ¼ inch pieces. Combine vegetables. Add sugar, celery seed, mustard seed, salt and vinegar to vegetables. Let stand until ready to serve. Drain. Serve large tablespoonful on lettuce leaf or relish plate.

PEACH AND RASPBERRY SPONGE

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| 1 large package quick setting gelatin dessert (raspberry flavor) | 2 quarts boiling water |
| ½ teaspoon salt | 1 No. 10 can sliced peaches |

Dissolve quick setting gelatin dessert in boiling water. Add salt. Drain peaches from juice; measure juice and add cold water to make 2 quarts. Chill until it begins to thicken, then whip in power mixer until light and fluffy. Fold in sliced peaches; mold and chill until firm. Yield 80 portions.

After the oysters met their ending, Alice pronounced she liked the Carpenter best as he did not eat so many as the Walrus. "But he ate as many as he could get" remarked Tweedledum. So do church supper guests.

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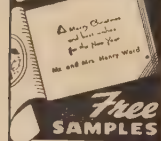


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CURRENT BOOKS

By Albert Linn Lawson

WE AMERICANS have a way of spending our vacation money on trips to Europe and the British Isles, but neglecting the by-no-means inferior attractions of our own country. The fact is, there are any number of New York citizens who are far more intimately acquainted with France, the South of England, or the Rhineland, than with the pleasant wonderland which lies at their door—beautiful Long Island.

So, for New Yorkers as well as non-New Yorkers, William Oliver Stevens has performed a genuine service by writing his charming *Discovering Long Island* (Dodd Mead & Co., \$3.00). Any one who will take the time to go at a leisurely pace through the pages of this delightful book will awake to a realization that right here at our doors is a part of the world of which most of us are woefully ignorant, which is, nevertheless, crowded with lovely secluded places, hidden, charming hamlets, tree-tunneled roads, quaint old-time villages, old-fashioned mills, eighteenth century churches. Visitors frequently zip under the East River in subway trains, to alight in that lamentable jumble known as downtown Brooklyn; or—saints preserve us—in that monstrosity known as Coney Island. But, as Mr. Stevens points out, when we have done that we haven't touched Long Island yet. Drive out far past the innumerable Commuter-villes, get off the crowded speedways, turn into any of the quiet, shady, little-traveled roads—and what a treat is yours! Here is America as it was—Theodore Roosevelt's America, Walt Whitman's, George Washington's—especially Washington's, for here he fought during the Revolution, here he returned in triumph after his inauguration. They'll show you countless inns at which he stayed, countless beds he slept in—don't count them lest you be disillusioned. The whole book teems with historical allusions, with delightful descriptions of delightful places.

The final chapter is devoted to the New York World's Fair.

Charles Hanson Towne—bless him, we all love him—has written just such a travel book as only he could write. He

calls it *Jogging Around New England* (Appleton-Century, \$2.50), and it is one of those leisurely, comfortable, friendly books, on the order of his "*Loafing Down Long Island*," "*Shaking Hands with England*," etc. Mr. Towne is not a New Englander by birth—he was born in Louisville. But he knows—and likes—all parts of our country, and no native Yankee could write with more affectionate understanding of that famed section than he. The book is not an account of a feverish modern journey by airplane and streamlined trains. "Jogging" is the exact word for it. We jog along, through green shady lanes, under covered bridges, to the New England of yesterday—not the New England of dour Puritans, of uncompromising Abolitionists, of Webster, that "steam engine in trousers;" but the New England of Thoreau and Longfellow and Emerson. We visit, with the author, many, very many of the famous places—the Connecticut shore and valley, the quiet, renowned colleges, the historic places like Plymouth Rock and Concord Bridge, Nantucket, the homes of the once-great—Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow and the rest. All six states are described by this kindly, understanding visitor; and the places, so familiar to every schoolboy, are invested with a charm, a "light that never was," by his skillful touches. 'Tis a charming book.

The Seventh Angel, (published by The Book Company, Carmi, Illinois, price \$1.50,) is intended to explain, "not vaguely, but definitely," the Book of Revelation. To me, as doubtless to many others, Revelation has always held mystery beyond my ability to understand. Now, for the first time, much of this mystery is cleared up by this remarkable book. Understand, it is not just a new translation, not a new theory, but a strictly orthodox treatise, based entirely upon Scripture. Its value lies in the amazing industry with which the author has run down and arranged every passage of the whole Bible which has the slightest bearing upon St. John's prophecy. First a verse or passage from Revelation itself is quoted. Then follow, in order, every verse, from Genesis down to Jude, which has the slightest bearing on that text; then the explanation and interpretation deduced from these verses. The results throw a flood of light upon the whole mystery.

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(Continued from page 30)

itually prepared, to bring forth the fruit of the spirit, to be ready for greater things beyond our ken, we must willingly suffer tribulation here; but also we must have the full assurance of hope that our God will "see the travail of our souls and be satisfied"; so will our burdens be lifted and peace remain within us.

But now to get back to my mutton—or lamb, I believe it was, that I started writing about when this article was begun. I'm quite proud of that leg of lamb because it shows that, in the matter of food, I have found one way to make the "means" fit; that one can find "ways" to do it with a bit of thinking and doing.

During a recent cold spell our fuel supply suddenly dwindled down to about three lumps and a little black dust, but the family pocketbook said, "I've got just about enough money for food until next pay day!" What then? Order the coal, of course, but do some intensive managing about the food. I bought a seven pound leg of lamb and two pounds of chopped beef on Saturday morning and for dinner we had a delicious hamburger broiled roast, served with onion sauce, baked potatoes and lima beans, a fresh fennel salad and for dessert a cream tapioca pudding.

We serve dinner on Sunday at 1:30 P. M. and that Sunday we had the leg of lamb with browned white potatoes, homemade currant jelly, celery hearts, peas and a grape gelatin dessert with homemade honey-nut cookies.

Monday, being inevitably washday, is tiring, so we had our lamb cold, cut in thin slices accompanied by beet relish, Lyon-naise potatoes and Brussel sprouts, and as there was some leftover buttermilk in the refrigerator, I could not think of a better way to use it than by making a Devil's Food cake for our dessert.

On Tuesday that lamb still looked happily at me from the refrigerator shelf. I took it out and chopped it fine with the meat chopper, then I did things to it. I seasoned it with a small grated onion, salt, pepper and a large tablespoonful of Chili sauce, then I added the leftover gravy to it, mixed all thoroughly and put half of it back in the refrigerator. That was to be for Wednesday. Then I made pastry and after rolling it out thin, as for pie crust, I cut it into thirty rounds with a two and a half inch biscuit cutter. I put a small spoonful of the meat mixture on each of fifteen of the pastry rounds, placed a plain round of pastry on top of each, pinching the edges together; cut a cross on top of each little pie, or rissole, brushed them with beaten egg and milk and baked them in a hot oven (450°) for fifteen minutes.

On Wednesday the lamb bone looked so sad that I put it in a big pot with water and after it had simmered an hour or two, gave it some company in the shape of every kind of vegetable that I had and that I thought would cook together palatably. In an hour, or less, it turned into a perfectly delicious vegetable soup.

The left-over chopped and seasoned lamb was made into a Shepherd's Pie by placing the meat—moistened with a little water—into a crisped baking dish, piling on top of it white potatoes that had been

(Turn to next page)

Judy Garland tells Frank Morgan (THE WIZARD OF OZ)

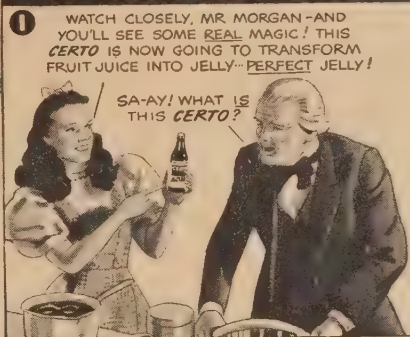


Judy Garland and Frank Morgan appearing in M-G-M's new technicolor production "The Wizard of Oz"

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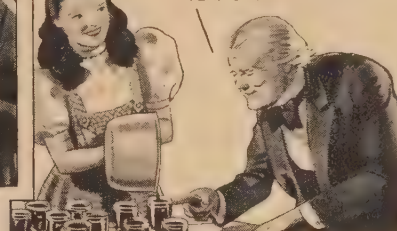


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(Continued from page 51)

boiled, seasoned, mashed and beaten with hot milk and a beaten egg. It browned delicately in a hot oven and we ate buttered cabbage as an accompanying vegetable, with Chocolate Filbert pie for dessert.

That was the last of the leg of lamb, but I was determined not to order more meat until the week was up, so on Thursday we had some more of my vegetable soup for supper, and then salmon chops, creamed white potatoes and peas (from a can). For dessert a lemon pudding with homemade cookies.

Now came Friday and as all the family had been asking me when I would give them spaghetti again. I decided this was as good a time as any. Now English Spaghetti is a grand dish for a busy day, for it is a whole meal in one dish and a very wholesome, delicious meal too. As we are all very fond of salads at any season of the year, I usually serve one with this dish and a fruit dessert.

Well, it all just goes to show that one can manage if one has to and has the will to do it and that food need not be

(Continued from page 35)

we have to compromise, but when guided by our responsibility to God we will try to see where the lesser evil lies. Otherwise, we will tend to follow our interest rather than our conscience without knowing where to stop, until we have a "policy of interest without principle," and a temporary detour becomes an accepted highway leading us away from our true goal. To deviate somewhat from our settled direction around an impasse may not prove dangerous on a short turnout, but over a long run a persistent deviation that loses the direction will end in disaster.

One must not close without speaking of the comfort and strength that comes with this responsibility to God. One of the great insights into life that came from the Old testament into the New proclaimed that there is acting in all our human affairs an unpredictable factor. We are always preparing, by what we do, for the coming of a surprise. Whether that will be good or bad only appears after we have made our choices, used our wits, and committed ourselves to some line of action. Our fathers believed that the ultimate sovereignty of God asserts itself as this unpredictable factor. That is why men like Washington and Lincoln, facing the conflicting motives of men and the apparent weakness of right against wrong, never fell into the moral defeatism so common today. They acted up to their best light, accommodating their principles to circumstances, always confident that the outcome of any human policy was not with human minds but with the sovereignty of God. The basis for all such belief, is not a blind faith, but an historic fact. The unpredictable effects that have come in the world after power triumphed over love at the cross of Christ are all a part of the fact of Christ, revealing the deathless purpose of the love of God that is never through making new beginnings out of bad endings.

Someone has said that the heart of religion is "the relaxation of the struggle to be self-sufficient." After we have held

tiresome, or unpalatable to the family just because economy is very much to the fore, though I am free to admit that it gets a little wearying to the cook!

I know a fine girl who was engaged to be married to a young man who, at that time, had little money, but some prospects and plenty of determination. Her sister rather belittled the idea of her marriage to one who had so few worldly goods, even though he was rich in fine character; but my young friend said to me, "You know, dear, we have never been rich at home, but have had to manage and make things do. I think it's fun to be poor! If you manage well, life is so full of pleasant surprises." She has lived to find that life can be very kind to such as she who are willing to brave poverty for the sake of love; but it helps most if you *know how*. We do not all start out blessed with that knowledge, but wisdom surely comes to us if we look for it; if we ask for it; and with it comes a peaceful heart and a contented mind, even though our lives have come to be very different from what we had dreamed, and planned, and hoped for.

ourselves responsible to God for doing our bit as well as we can do it, we must trust something beside our self-sufficiency to carry out the consequences. Witness the great Bible affirmations on this point. They are very vague, free from precise definition and detailed rules. "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?" "Fret not thyself because of evil doers; trust in the Lord and do good." "Commit thy way unto the Lord and he shall bring it to pass." "The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God." These are not excuses for resting on our oars, or for leaving injustice alone and taking oppression lying down. They are expressions of confidence in that unpredictable factor which brings a surprise, for better or worse, after we have given ourselves to a course of action.

The people that have taken life at its face value, have not been the great discoverers. They have trusted in the apparent weakness of good and the apparent strength of selfishness, and staked everything on policies that were safe, profitable and productive of immediate returns. The secret of life's possible meanings has not been with such as these. Rather our fruitful knowledge has come from those who felt that "must" which held them responsible for putting their will at the disposal of God, going forth "not knowing whither they went." There is always the point where we have to leave life open and indefinite, and take our leap in the dark. Here is where men are strengthened by the sense of being worked through to larger ends than they know, however insignificant their faithful effort seems to be. Here is the root of belief in a personal God who is concerned with the values we represent. Those who have lived in this faith have been used to open the highways along which our race has moved up to knowledge and power. They have gained a sense of personal worth deeper than pride. Freed from the deceitful appearances of the present, they have trusted God through this life and beyond fearing to be unfaithful and having no other fear.



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the middle of the porch floor was Chester. Around him the paraphernalia of ship-building, he sat, a crooked figure in his white pajamas but so animated that he did not notice Ronley's approach.

"Say Ches, what's the idea? Don't you know there's a law against ship-builders working before eight o'clock?"

"I've got it Ronley, just as plain and clear as if we had seen those topsails last night. See this is the fore gaff topsail and this the main gaff topsail. And here's the way they go. See? I dreamed them. When I went to bed I thought just as hard as I could what a topsail looks like when it is reefed, to see if I could make out from that how it was rigged. I kept saying, 'I've got to find it, I've got to find it. I've only one day more.' And I dreamed it.

"Now I'm trying to get her sails rigged, just the way I saw them."

Mr. Butler greeted them at the door of the Home. Apparently he had been watching for them.

"We're glad to have you back, Chester. And what a fine boat you have there."

"I made it, Mr. Butler, all of it. I dreamed the topsails and a sailor at Lake-side said they're just right. Isn't that so, Ronley?"

Ronley smiled his assurance.

"Bye, Ronley. It's been an awfully grand week. And thanks."

"Goodby, Ches. You've been a good pal."

"And the boat, thanks, too, Ronley. 'Bye."

Mr. Butler spoke when Chester had dragged himself out of earshot.

"How was your week with Chester?"

"We had a grand time, and I'm grateful to you, Butler."

"I'm the one to be grateful. But once more, Ronley, why did you choose Chester?"

Willis Ronley hesitated. No longer did he look toward the director; he turned his eyes toward the window and the crowded houses and factories beyond.

"It was a kind of game I was playing with myself, Butler. I wanted to know what it would be like. . . . You see I had a boy—once. He and his mother were in an automobile accident. His mother died immediately but the boy, he lived for a couple of weeks. We both knew that he could never walk again and he didn't want to get well if he couldn't run and play. I tried to put my will into him—but I couldn't. . . . Maybe he was right. But I've wondered how much I might have been able to make up for him what he had lost. . . . And again, thanks for Chester."

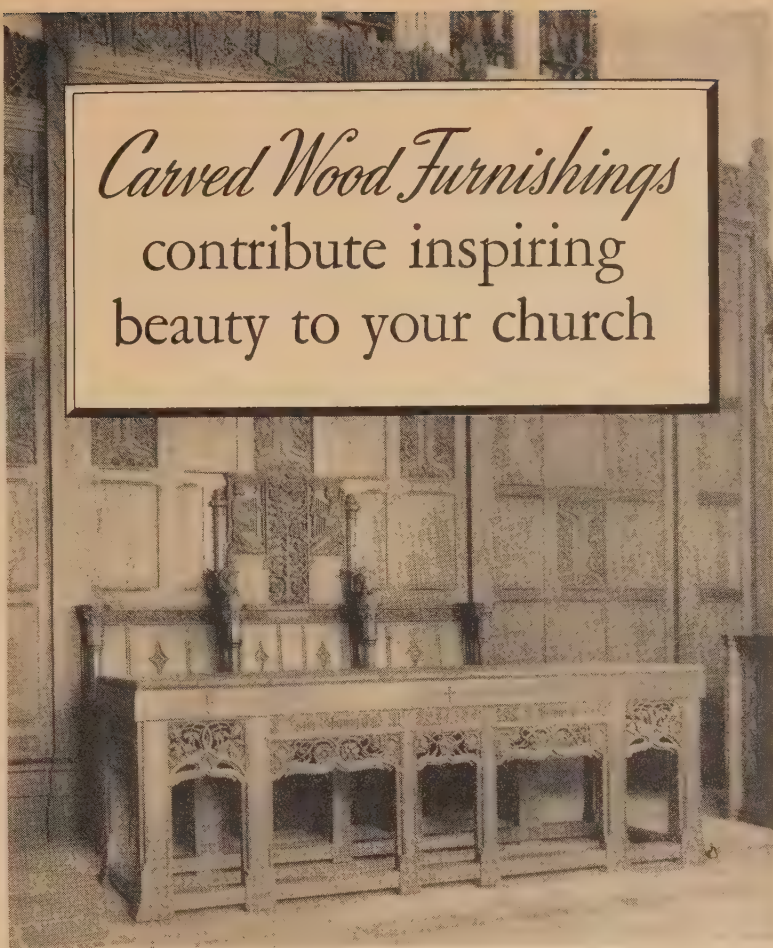
Outside in the corridor, Chester was surrounded by a group of admiring youngsters. He was the first to notice his friend when Ronley quietly closed the door of the director's office behind him.

"Hi, Ronley," and the others echoed his call.

Chester pushed his way through the group and stumbled toward him, a boy with a twisted back and a shrunken leg, clutching a sailboat with topsails, in his arms.

"Hi, Ronley, 'bye and thanks, thanks awful much."

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

SEPTEMBER 3

Isaiah: A Life Dedicated to God

ISA. 6:1-13

FEW characters in the Bible have so little known about their personal lives as does Isaiah. He was the son of Amoz (1:1), and prophesied during the reigns of four kings of Judah—Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah. Tradition asserts that he was of royal blood, being the nephew of king Amaziah. He lived in Jerusalem, and had access to the royal court. This fact made his ministry very effective.

The last year of king Uzziah's reign was 740 B.C. If Isaiah then received his call and began his ministerial work, and continued until the time of Manasseh, as tradition says, his total life of service was at least forty, and perhaps as much as sixty years. In all this time no spot appears on his character, so that he may truly be said to have lived a life dedicated to God.

The prosperity of Uzziah's time was not an unmixt blessing. As is often true, along with success came corruption. "The development of national wealth brought with it social evils: the accumulation of vast estates in the hands of a few holders (5:8), oppression of the poor (3:14, 15), perversion of justice (5:7, 23), luxury and wrongful indulgence (2:7; 5:11, 12, 22). In religion there was a corresponding decay; the land was full of idols, and the people, having lost their faith, were given to superstitions, magic, and necromancy, or had become callous, indifferent, and skeptical." (Dummelow, *One-Volume Commentary*.)

Such were the conditions as Isaiah came to the front as the voice of Jehovah. It was a prophet's privilege so to do. As he denounced the sins of his time and exposed the emptiness of religious formality, he also lost no opportunity to declare for Jehovah as the God of Israel.

Chapter 6 is the gateway to the Book of Isaiah as it is to the life of Isaiah. What could be more basic in a life of service than a vision of God, to give understanding and challenge? This vision brings out in succession the majesty of God, the uncleanness of the people, the conviction that Isaiah had a divine message for them, their stubbornness and heedlessness, the necessity of judgment, and the idea of a remnant.

1. The language used to describe God is typical of the time. The awesomeness of the Divine Being is not always to be brought out. Sometimes it is His purity, His quiet, His friendliness, that are to be noted. Sometimes He is to be pictured as yearning for the righteousness of His people, and forgiving their sinfulness. Everyone who presents God to others should describe Him in the most appropriate terms.

2. Some churches and congregations want simplicity in public services, fearing the formalities of liturgy, vestments

and symbols. Others find the altar, the choir, the formal service as sure channels to worship. Whichever course is followed, the result should be the same—genuine praise to God, and acknowledgment of His power. It is a good thing that there are many roads that lead to God.

3. Contrast is an effective teacher. When Isaiah stood in the presence of God his own imperfections stood out sharply. Sin in our day is never so obvious as when it stands in sharp contrast to examples of Christian purity.

4. The steps in Isaiah's experience are in logical and telling order: God's purity, man's impurity, God's cleansing, God's call, man's response.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Do persons today get their call to service through visions? If so, how?
2. Who may be said to be outstanding examples of God-called workers?
3. What are some calls to service today?
4. How is one expected to answer a divine call?

SEPTEMBER 10

Hezekiah: A King Who Remembered God

II CHRON. 30

(Printed lesson, II Chron. 30:13-22)

HAVING in mind the long years of teaching and practicing the details of the worship of Jehovah, one wonders how any king could so completely renounce it as did Ahaz, whose sixteen years on the throne make a dark spot in Judah's history. Chapter 28 tells this revolting story, and its words are surprisingly indicative of the lengths to which a man will go to reach personal success.

Sad was the inheritance which came to Hezekiah, becoming king at the age of twenty-five. It would be hard to imagine a more complete contrast between father and son. How can we account for the fact that Hezekiah was positive at the points where Ahaz was negative, good where Ahaz was bad, strong where Ahaz was weak?

Chapter 29 describes the renewal of the physical aspects of true worship; chapter 30 points out its spiritual accomplishments. Words like these show how thoroughly in earnest the young king was: "In the first year of his reign, in the first month he opened the doors of the house of the Lord, and repaired them." Then he proceeded to have the temple cleansed of its refuse and filth, and restored the holy functions of the priests and the Levites, with sacrifices and worship re-established.

But this was not enough. Genuine righteousness could come only when the nation—all men, women, children—would have a part in it. The temple worship was good, and the king's purposes were laudable, but these could not make a worshipping people. What great stroke was necessary to make a stir in every part of the land? King Hezekiah decided it. "The great unifying act of worship for our people is the keeping of the passover feast, commemorating the great deliverance of our fathers centuries ago. We will all come to Jerusalem and keep the feast."

The fact that they had not observed this holy feast in a long time made the institution difficult. Two important objects were to be realized: (1) the call to assemble in Jerusalem would be a strong blow against worship at local altars all over the country; (2) the whole country should be included, "from Beersheba to Dan"; Israel and Judah side by side should come into spiritual fellowship.

Hezekiah made thorough preparation. He could not hold the feast at its regular time, in the first month, for the temple must first be made ready. Then he sent messengers (posts) through all the land, into every community, to summon the people.

What happened when the multitude assembled in Jerusalem? (1) They destroyed the *signs* of idolatry, the numerous heathen altars; (2) the religious leaders being ashamed of their looseness, cleansed themselves according to the law; (3) as the ritual of sacrifice and singing and ceremony was carried out, the happiness of the multitude increased; (4) individuals who were unprepared to partake because of sin were covered by a worthy prayer of their king; (5) seven days of feasting and worship invited seven other days, so that Jerusalem had joy which she had not witnessed since the days of Solomon.

How could one man accomplish so much, and under such uninviting circumstances? The answer is that Hezekiah was God's man, in God's place, doing God's work, for God's glory.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Can you think of any conditions to-day which parallel those of the beginning of Hezekiah's reign?
2. What responsibility belongs to a nation's rulers in forwarding spiritual things?
3. What part has spiritual worship in righting the wrongs in a nation?

SEPTEMBER 17

Micah: A Messenger of Social Justice

MICAH 3:1-12; 6:6-8

NONE of the prophets lived in easy days, or worked under pleasant conditions.

Micah was no exception. Although he lived in Judah his prophecies were for both kingdoms. Through the varied reigns of Jotham, Ahaz, Hezekiah and possibly also Manasseh, he labored for righteousness. This time included the conquest of Samaria by Sargon, king of Assyria, and Micah's words before that event (722 B.C.) were clear and sure (1:6). Judah, too, had its threats from without, and its rottenness within.

Jerusalem had become a great seat of power. Business and militarism—a defense against Assyria—had attracted the clever and wealthy, and they joined together to make the plight of the unfortunate poor all the worse.

Micah and Isaiah, although contemporaries, were decidedly different men. Isaiah belonged to the ruling class. Micah to the peasantry. "The vices of the city he selects are almost the same as Isaiah scourges—avarice, oppression of the poor, and luxury. But Micah is especially se-



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vere on the religious leaders..." (Dumme-low, *One-Volume Commentary*.)

Chapter 3 is an exposure of the sins of the people's leaders. They were supposed to "know judgment," i.e., to stand for justice and honor; instead they have used their places of power to grow rich at the expense of the poor, and to rise over the dead bodies of those who stand in their way (vv.1-3). There will come a time when they shall cry for mercy, but then God will have no ear for their distresses (v.4).

Verse 5 is a clever way of describing bribery. Anyone who puts food into a prophet's mouth (or who gives him any other substance) is sure to have the prophet's approval in any matter. *Peace* is the word between them. But anyone who does not pay for the blessings of the religious leader finds that between them there is warfare.

Verses 6, 7 declare that God will withdraw His light from such unjust leaders; they shall be in darkness; they shall try to speak, but will find that they no longer represent God.

Verse 11 makes plain the specific charges against the political and religious leaders. They are three: (1) they dispense justice for money; the one with the largest price to pay will bribe the judge into a favorable decision; (2) the supposedly consecrated priests attend to spiritual functions only when they are paid, thus perverting the holiest functions of their office; (3) the prophets, who of all men should dispense truth and impart faith to all men without material reward, let it be known that they sell their divinely-given knowledge, and that money provides the way to attain it.

The second passage (6:6-8) provides one of the high points of the Old Testament. In three simple requirements are stated the well-rounded duties of man. *First*, do justly; treat all men with respect and fairness, that no person may charge inhumanity against another. *Second*, love kindness; seek the welfare of others by doing for them loving and helpful deeds. *Third*, walk humbly; keep away from selfishness and boasting; let God do the leading.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Should ministers of the church be paid for their services, or should the dispensing of holy ministry be "without money and without price"?
2. At what points do Christians in our day have responsibility for their fellow-men?
3. What would you name as America's pressing social issues?

SEPTEMBER 24

Isaiah: Foretelling the Birth of the Messianic King

ISA. 7:14; 9:1-7; 11:1-5

THE prophecies in the Old Testament go a long way in making clear contemporary history.

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prophets had only gone so far as to tell of the continuance of the line of David. But Isaiah picked out a particular individual in this line, who would be the agent of Jehovah. Indeed, in all of Isaiah's descriptions there is the fullness of Jehovah as present in the Messianic King.

There is evidence that Isaiah did not sense the full import of his words about the coming King, for he connected His coming with the defeat of the Assyrians. But God used His servant to carry a message which Christian believers can interpret in the light of the supreme revelation of God, in the person and work of the Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Immanuel means *God with us*. "The child whom the prophet has in mind received this symbolic name as being a pledge of God's presence with his people. Christ, the true Son of David, is in the highest conceivable sense Immanuel. The sign given by Isaiah is not concerned with the manner of the child's birth but rather connected with his name Immanuel." (*One-Volume Commentary*.)

In Chapter 9:1-7 the prophet foresaw a glowing history for the little land between Jordan and the sea. It should be the first to suffer from defeat and captivity, but it should likewise come into a glorious future through the presence of the King bearing such wonderful names. Each word has its part in the full description of Christ. *Wonderful* is a frequently-used Old Testament word, applied to the divine action and name. Counsellor imputes to the Messiah a divinely inspired wisdom in the leadership of men. *Mighty God* means that Christ shall be of the very substance of God Himself. *Everlasting Father* refers to the close relationship between the Saviour and His people. The *Prince of Peace* calls attention to one aspect of the influence of Christ in the world. Further, the growth and power of Messiah's kingdom in the world through the centuries was seen by Isaiah, and we of the twentieth century have seen it come to fulfillment.

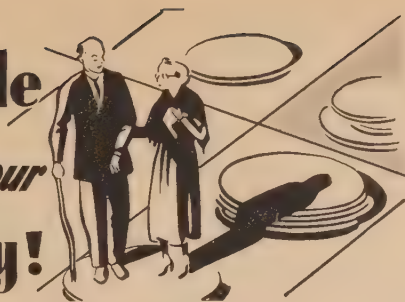
In Chapter 11:1-5 Isaiah describes the nature of Jesus' sway over men. His strength shall come from the Lord; He shall have intellectual qualities; He shall have practical wisdom in handling issues with His subjects; He shall show spiritual discernment which shall crown and direct all His other gifts. Righteousness and justice shall characterize Him and all His followers.

What does the Messiah mean to the world today? Simply a theological theory that must be believed if one is to be considered religious? Is not the real meaning to be found in the words used by Isaiah so long ago? Is He not *God with us* (Immanuel)? Is He not the greatest source of judgment and reason, the lover of all men as His children, the source and inspiration of peace and brotherhood?

Questions for Class Discussion

1. How can you account for the exactness of Isaiah's knowledge of things to happen centuries after he spoke them?
2. Why has not Jesus Christ found acceptance everywhere as the Messiah?
3. What is your favorite name for Jesus?

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(Continued from page 39)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

"FOR THIS THING, I BESOUGHT THE LORD."
READ II CORINTHIANS 12:1-10.

WHY pray, when our prayers are unheard? We have often asked that. Yet every true prayer, offered through Christ, is heard. What is more, even though it may not be answered in our way, it is still answered. Paul prayed thrice that that thorn in his flesh might be taken away. His prayer was not heard—and yet it was! The thorn remained, but the promise of all sufficient grace was given. His weakness remained, but the strength which could swallow up that sense of limitation was assured. That is God's way. Even if the specific petition be denied, some better thing is granted.

Thou, being wisdom, canst not always do what we ask; but being perfect love Thou canst not be unheeding. Help us to pray, and yet to trust Thy decisions. So shall we be blest.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

"YE SHALL FIND REST."
READ PSALM 37:1-10.

REST is more than abstention from work, the relaxing of tension, and the refreshing oblivion of sleep. It is also an attunement of the entire life—body, mind, and spirit—to the divine Creator, and His beneficent will for mankind. IN THE brief respite of a vacation, we felt that. To look on God's world, to revel in the warm sun or the invigorating winds, to lift our eyes above, and our thoughts to noble things—that was life! And our LORD declared that He came to give us life, and life more abundant. Let us draw near to those revivifying springs of being today. Raise the heart to commune with the Infinite. Thus shall we find confidence, quiet, and poise in God.

O Thou who art the source of all life, in whom we live and move and have our being, bring us this day into vital contact with Thyself. Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

"THE HOUSE WAS FILLED WITH THE
ODOUR."
READ JOHN 12:1-8.

MARY had thought it out. Christ having given back her brother from the dead, she must show her gratitude. Secretly she brought her spikenard. Unostentatiously she took her place at His feet. Then she poured out the costly ointment in lavish adoration. But she had not thought of this: the liberated fragrance filled the house. Her motives were impugned. Her generous love misconstrued. Yet the heart of her Lord was gladdened. Many of us love Him, but do we show it? Or is our faith both formal and cold? To give our best to Him would fill the circle of home and friends with the fragrance of our faith.

O Christ, who didst give Thyself for our salvation, and didst love us unto the uttermost, fill our hearts with Thy Spirit, that we may love Thee in full return.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

"KNOWN AND READ OF ALL MEN."
READ II CORINTHIANS 3:1-6.

MANY books are published, but not read. Many more are written, but unpublished. There is one, however, being written every day—and read by countless eyes. It is the story of our life. Its plot is the divine purpose. There are many minor characters, with their humor and pathos, comedy and tragedy. The main figure is myself. How we live under stress or in serenity, whether we display strength or weakness, integrity, unselfishness, and bravery, are all noted by those who watch the development of the tale. Are we commending Christ by our lives, or discrediting Him? Are we making it harder for men to believe in God and goodness, or easier? The story we are writing has eternal effects.

In that we cannot live without influencing others for good or evil, without honoring or dishonoring Thee, enable us to live today under Thy gracious direction. Through our divine Redeemer.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

"UNTO HOAR HAIRS WILL I CARRY YOU."
READ ISAIAH 46:1-6.

WE DREAD it, yet we keep on doing it? Every day we draw further on our balance, steadily diminishing it; yet we do not desist. But can we do anything about it? Most assuredly! We may face westerling skies with high hope and unflinching trust. We may not be able to do as much as we once did, yet we can still do much. Our experience of God's graciousness is enlarged by the flight of time. Our faith has struck deeper roots by the storms we have endured.

"Grow old along with me; the best is yet to be." May such a faith be ours from day to day, stimulating us to worthier living. Through Christ Jesus.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

"I AM THY MAKER."
READ ISAIAH 40:1-10.

NAPOLEON, seated on the deck of a ship one night, was listening to an argument among his officers. Some of them were ridiculing the claims of religion. Others, going further, denied even the existence of God. Then Napoleon intervened. Pointing to the stars bespangling the skies, he said, "Gentlemen, you may conceivably be right. But if so, who made those?" That question merits consideration. No blind Cause could have created the heavens, with their myriad worlds. The planets, the movements of which man can calculate to a second, betoken an all-wise, almighty Creator.

If Thou, O Father, art adequate unto



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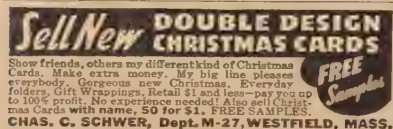


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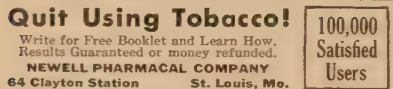
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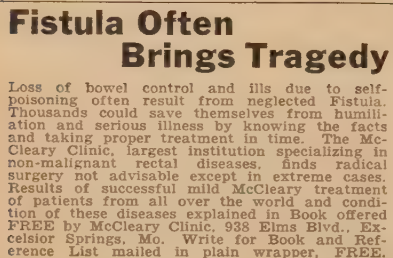


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Thy universe, can we not confidently commit our ways unto Thee? Lead us to fuller trust and to a childlike faith.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

"WHATSOEVER HE SAITH . . . DO IT."
READ JOHN 2:1-11.

THE divine power which changed Cana's water into wine needs no explanation. That is what Christ's transforming touch is doing constantly. Sparrows were only common birds until Jesus used them to prove the divine care. The flowers of the field were just flowers until He made them a parable of God's providence. That water was merely water until His touch transformed it. So the beauty of the world, the splendor of the midnight heavens, the simple joys and wholesome mirth of home, become richer for the Christian.

Draw us into that obedient fellowship with Thyself so that, in the common things of life we may daily see the unsuspected values Thou canst reveal to the believing heart. Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

"BE NOT CONFORMED TO THIS WORLD."
READ ROMANS 12:1-5.

"WHEN in Rome, do as the Romans do." Valid though the proverb may be in some ways, it screens a dangerous pitfall. Even Christian people sometimes quote it to justify a lowered standard and unworthy living. To conform to established customs, modes of speech and conduct, may be harmless and necessary. But to haul down the flag of loyalty to Christ, to indulge the frivolous, inconsistent, and base, rather than appear to be different, is to be untrue to Christ and His royal cause. Even the worldling expects something better of us. Christ requires it.

Help us so to live that we may never be ashamed of Thee, O divine Master, and so that Thou mayest never have cause to be ashamed of us. Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

"CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD."
READ PSALM 55.

ACROSS desert sands, under the blistering sun, the caravan has traveled all day. But with evening, an oasis is reached. The camels kneel at the command of their drivers, and the loads they have carried all day are lifted off. But with the morning, the camels again kneel before they resume their loads. Is there a suggestion there for us? A brief season of prayer to start the day will give us that required strength and heartening for its duties. How about this? Why not be strong?

O Thou who art ever considerate, Thou hast made due provision for Thy people's needs. Give us grace that we may face this day, depending on Thy help. Through Christ, Amen.

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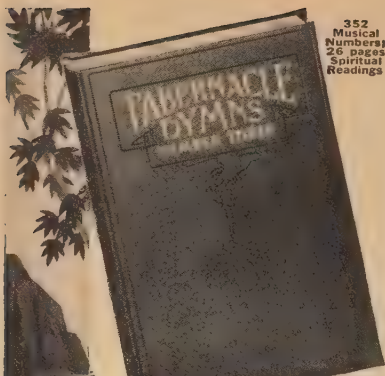
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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

"SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY."

READ MATTHEW 6:26-34.

"How long do I have to lie here," asked a patient of his doctor. "Only for one day," came the reply. "Say, that's fine. I was afraid it was going to be a long siege." The medical man smiled understandingly. "You interrupted me," he said. "I meant that you have to lie here only for one day at a time." That may seem poor comfort. On second thought it is both practical and sane. No matter what our situation may be, what trying circumstances or difficulties may be ours, we are asked to face them for one day at a time.

Thou dost never ask the impossible of us, O Lord. It is we who attempt the impossible in our own strength. Grant us a wise and appropriating faith. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

"THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT."

READ GALATIANS 5:16-26.

RESULTS are what count. In every field of human effort, we are prepared to do much and bear more if only we can secure results. And the fruit-grower is no exception. He invests more than capital. Planting, pruning, spraying must all be attended to. But when, at last, the boughs bend beneath the weight of luscious fruit, he has got results. So the Christian heart can find comfort. If only we will co-operate, will give God a chance to work His will in us, then the fruit—and results.

With patient continuance in well-doing, with unshaken belief in Thine ordering of our lives, enable us to bring forth those graces which shall be to Thy glory. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

"I WILL REMEMBER."

READ PSALM 77.

SUMMER is almost gone. Vacation days are only a memory. Yet those happy hours beneath turquoise skies, when the trees threw dappled shadows on the grass, when the lake lay like a silver mirror, or the hills reared their storm-scarred heads to the clouds, have left memories. But all life is like that. As the sundial marks only the sunny hours, so we remember the blessings God has given.

Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life. Nor will they fail if we are obedient unto Thee. So give us this day thankful hearts.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

"A MERCHANTMAN SEEKING."

READ MATTHEW 14:44-52.

"YON Benudi hath indeed a pearl of perfection. Long have I sought for such

HAVE FAITH

in En-Ar-Co (Japanese Oil). It's helped tens of thousands get QUICK relief from BACKACHE (due to muscular strain), sprains, stiffness, muscular pains and aches of fatigue and exposure—simple neuralgia. It's grand "first aid," keep a bottle handy. All druggists.

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beauty, but never before have mine eyes seen its equal. It hath the blue of the sky, the soft pink of a babe's cheek, and the sheen of the moonlight on the waters. All I possess must I sacrifice to make it mine." So spake Ben-ammi, the seeker for goodly pearls. He surveyed those he had acquired. Then to obtain that one pearl of price, he bartered them all. And he was well content. So if we would secure the superb blessings of Christ, we must give up not only the base things, but also the inexpedient which would deprive us of the supreme good.

Help us clearly to see life's values, so that we may not forfeit the chief good which Thou hast placed within our reach, Through Jesus, our Mediator.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

"THESE ARE PARTS OF HIS WAYS."
READ JOB 26:1-14.

WHAT magic hand has been at work? Almost overnight, the woodlands, the trees in our parks and squares, have taken on a new glory. Their robes have changed from green to gold, to richest reds and browns. And the same divine hand is at work in human lives. For us, as in Nature, time does not stand still. Spring and summer pass. Yet the glory of God's goings is seen not only in the natural world and in history, but also in His work in the soul.

For the sake of those about us, help us to show that patience, tolerance, and sympathy which will commend our Master unto them, and glorify Thee.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

"THAT WHICH REMAINS."
READ HEBREWS 1:1-12.

THREE-FOURTHS of what we called the new year has gone. Only three months remain. Yet is it sensible to dwell on that? Is it not more important to concentrate on what is left of the year? It certainly is! The tendency to live in the past, to waste time in futile regrets over misused opportunities, mistakes, and failure, must be checked. Recall Mrs. Wiggs' counsel, "Don't get sorry for yourself." Better still, let Paul's resolve to forget the things which are behind inspire you to press toward the mark. It is not too late to gird up the loins of the mind, and to determine that that which remains of this year shall be filled with high endeavor, worthy effort, and closer following of Christ.

Give us strength that we may "Let the dead past bury itself; act, act in the living present; heart within and God o'erhead." To the glory of Thy great name, Amen.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Dr. John W. G. Ward has been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Hyde Park, Illinois, since 1932. He is the author of many books, and is widely known as writer and orator. He will prepare the Daily Meditations during the rest of 1939.



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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

EDITED BY

Paul Maynard



Church Unity in Practice

Staples, Minnesota

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Our little city recently celebrated its 50th anniversary and the churches were invited to hold a religious mass meeting on Sunday evening. This was to be a part of the celebration. On the platform were ministers from six churches: Disciples of Christ, Christian Missionary Alliance, Congregational, Methodist Episcopal, First English Lutheran, and the Sacred Heart Roman Catholic, all taking part in the service.

The Mayor of the City and the Superintendent of Schools also had a part in the program. A wonderful Christian spirit was manifested in this service and a number have asked that it be repeated yearly.

The second outstanding project undertaken by the Churches during the celebration was the float entered in the parades of the three days. The float consisted of a white cross mounted on a white base with blue trimming. The cross had a touch of green leaves and the base had several artificial roses to give it color. Written on the side was **CHRISTIAN RELIGION**. No mention was made of the churches, as we wanted to exalt the Christian Religion and not the churches. Enclosed you will find a picture of the float. This float won first prize in a parade of many outstanding floats.

All great things do not happen in large cities. Ours is a city of about 3000, but I believe we are showing the way in denominational cooperation. This cooperative effort has made a real impression on this community and has moved the cause of Christ forward.

John D. Langenes
Pastor, Congregational Church

Church Unity, to become effective, must have just such beginnings as are pictured in this letter. From such seed come mighty oaks.

Founder of 4-H

Goldfield, Iowa

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

In the April, 1939, *Herald* I read Mr. Hall's article entitled "Rural Youth Goes to Town." In speaking of the origin of the "4-H" idea, he says he does not know who founded it. For the benefit of your readers I am sending you clippings from



a Wright County, Iowa, paper "Eagle Grace Eagle" which will give the desired information.

As a young man Mr. Benson was Superintendent of our Goldfield school. It was while so employed that he developed the "4-H Idea"—not as a means to advance agriculture, by improving production of corn and better hogs and cattle, but in the interest of producing better boys and girls.
Bruce Riley, M. D.

The enclosed clipping included a eulogy of O. H. Benson by Edgar Guest, and stated that Mr. Benson was the founder of the "4-H Clubs."



RADIO DRAMAS

Radio Dramas although effective are quite simple to produce because no costumes or scenery are necessary.

Broadcasting stations are eager for programs of a religious nature, put on by small church groups. If your society wishes to broadcast a religious drama go to the local station and ask their cooperation. You will find them not only willing, but extremely helpful in directing your drama and supplying the needed sound effects. Already many requests have come from young people's groups for Biblical dramas which could be used for this purpose. We have available 12 excellent dramas, four of which take 15 minutes, the balance, 30 minutes to produce.

Please order by title and number. The titles are:

FIFTEEN MINUTE DRAMAS

1. Jesus and the Samaritan Woman
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3. Lazarus
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7. The Flood
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9. Story of Sampson
10. Rizpah
11. Bath-sheba
12. Salome

The price is 50 cents each for the fifteen-minute dramas, \$1.00 for the thirty-minute. Script includes musical direction and scene descriptions.

Would You Deny Them Help?

Concord, N. C.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Please cancel my subscription to *Christian Herald* immediately. Such an article as "Hollywood Has A Heart," in the

July number is a reproach to the Christian conscience. Thanking you, I am,

Very sincerely,
Edward B. Joyner,
Pastor, Baptist Church

Humanity to unfortunate people seems Christ-like to us, whether in Hollywood or elsewhere.

A Long-Time Friend

Blackwell, Oklahoma

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

The *Herald* has come to this parsonage for several years, and we have had access to it for quite a longer period. This household wishes to register among the legions who much admire the fairness, clearness and Christian manliness characterizing the editorials of this great magazine. It is always leading its readers into higher planes of an advancing world, leaving them with greater interest in their fellow-men and a bigger and nearer God to help serve them.

(Rev.) George O. Hunter

Thanks, Mr. Hunter. All editors think they are the most fair-minded people on earth—very few readers, however, are willing to back them up in that belief.

We Gain a New Friend

Richmond, Indiana

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Enclosed find money order for renewal of *Christian Herald* for two years.

I am truly thankful that the magazine I had been taking discontinued publication. Three others were offered in its place, and the *Christian Herald* was my second choice—I don't recall the others. I only know that I never knew that *Christian Herald* had so much good reading, of varied kinds for everyone in the family. I enjoy the Daily Meditations, in fact every one of the articles are very good. You feel inspired after reading such good thoughts of others put in writing. I trust that you will have many new renewals and plenty of new subscribers.

Most sincerely,
Mrs. Perry Weist

Again, we bow. It's too bad that some magazine had to discontinue publication in order that reader Weist might discover *Christian Herald*, but we welcome her heartily nevertheless.

An Organ for Bulgaria

Dear Sir:

Last summer I spent four months in my native country, Bulgaria. While there, the pastors and members of two small and very poor churches begged of me to try to secure for them decent organs, to replace their old, worn-out instruments. Will you ask your readers to inquire if there is an organ stored away which the church would like to donate to one of these poor churches in Bulgaria? The people cannot even pay transportation charges.

L. S. Bagranoff,
3210 Halliday Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

If you know of such an organ, please write us, or directly to Mr. Bagranoff.

(Continued from page 25)

operation," she explained, "but I'm not afraid if my friends will pray." Then she turned to the pew where she sat Sunday by Sunday. For a time she was silent, but suddenly her reserve broke down for a moment and she choked out, "You will miss me, won't you?" And by her eyes she told me that her journey on earth was almost over. Only once more did her courage fail. One night two weeks later she telephoned from her bed in the hospital. Like the Master in the hour of His agony, she felt that God had forsaken her. I hurried down, to find her terribly upset. But we talked, then I celebrated the Holy Communion "in remembrance of Him." The presence of Jesus became known to her again. She lay back upon the pillow, a wonderful peace in her soul. We said goodbye and so it was, for a few hours later she passed through sleep into eternity.

Such are the high lights of a minister's life. Looking back, I cannot conceive of a life more full, more satisfying or more humanly entertaining than that of a clergyman. It is a rich reward God gives to His servants. And, as I look forward to a new chapter upon which the pen is about to commence its record, I can only anticipate greater opportunities. For these years have convinced me of two things. Men, no matter whether they be of the country or the city, rich or poor, need the Christian religion to live as God created them to be. And the other conviction which has grown ever more certain with the passing of the years, is that God can remake the existence of anyone, however wretched or meaningless it might be, into a noble and glorious life. A much publicized man of today has explained that religion is "a repair crew for a disabled world." But it is infinitely more than that. It is not confined to an automobile repair shop. On the contrary, it belongs in the whole of life, the high road, the quiet side paths, the happy and joyous experiences as well as the sorrowful ones. As the church regains the mighty confidence of the Christian faith she will proclaim to the world with ever increasing power that gospel which is in absolute fact "the power of God" to lead us into that abundant life He created us to live.

(Continued from page 11)

parishioners—stands out clearly and forcefully. Gilbert is a farmer, a mechanic, a journalist, a reformer, a real estate broker—even a barber; but first of all he is a minister of Jesus Christ.

If there are members of your family who do not read *Christian Herald* regularly, back them into a corner and make them start reading this serial—once they start they'll finish it. Tell your neighbors about it. If there is anyone to whom you wish to give a present, give them a subscription to *Christian Herald* to start with the October issue. They will be everlastingly grateful for the opportunity of reading this great story as it unfolds.

It is and will continue to be one of the most talked of stories of the year. We are delighted that *Christian Herald* readers will be the first to have the opportunity to read it.

"Stories Of Hymns We Love"

By CECILIA MARGARET RUDIN, M. A.

Stimulate a new spirit of zeal in opening fall activities with this inspiring work. Gives you better understanding and deeper love for the great hymns of the church—source of spiritual power. Use it for reading and study in Sunday School, Young People's Groups, Choir and home circle.

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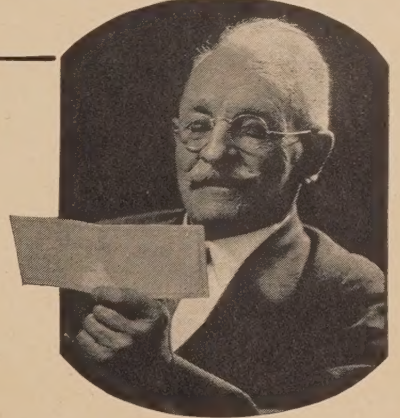
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NEXT MONTH

Forty Years a Country Preacher

By George B. Gilbert

Beginning the most talked-of serial of the year



Restless Reformer

By Clarence W. Hall

The story of Frances E. Willard



We, the Bewildered Old

By Anna French Johnson



The Story of St. John's College, Annapolis

By Violet K. Libby



Also Richard Maxwell, Frank S. Mead, May Dixon Thacker, Honoré Morrow, Margaret E. Sangster and others.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Inexcusable Forgetfulness

Vicar (benevolently): "And what is your name, my little man?"
Small Boy: "Well, if that ain't the limit! Why, it was you that christened me!"

—Pittsburgh Gazette.

Wouldn't Have To

"What would you do if you married a rich woman?"
"Nothing, I expect."

—Exchange.

Dele

Diner—Waiter, there's a button in my soup.

Waiter (ex-printer)—Typographical error, sir; it should be mutton.

—Exchange.

Considerate

Harris: "My daughter is having her voice trained abroad."

Neighbor: "How thoughtful of her."

—Vancouver Province.

Premature

Pahson: "Does yo'-all take dis man fo' better or fo' wuss?"

Mandy: "Lan' sake, pahson, how kin Ah tell so soon?"

—Kansas City Star.

Accurate Aim

Husband: "Well, my dear, I have carried you safely over all the rough places of life, haven't I?"

Wife: "Yes, and I don't think you missed any of them."

—Exchange.

Corrected Version

Teacher: "Tommy, translate 'Rex Fugit.'"

Tommy: "The king flees."

Teacher: "You should use 'has' in translating the perfect tense."

Tommy: "The king has fleas."

—Exchange.

Hurry! Hurry!

A ten-year-old boy rushed into the shop. "Father's being chased by a bull," he cried.

"What can I do about it?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Put a new roll of film in my camera."

—Pathfinder.

Unmentionable?

Mrs. Flynn had been to the talking pictures for the first time.

"How did you like it, Nell?" asked her friend.

"All right enough, but to tell you the truth, I'd rather have been at one of the old unspeakable ones."

—Hartford Courant.

Make Up Your Mind

"Edith," he whispered, "will you marry me?"

"I don't know, Tom," she replied coyly. "Well, when you find out," he said, rising, "send me word, will you? I shall be at Eva Gordon's until ten o'clock. If I don't hear from you by then I'm going to ask her."

—Montreal Star.

Only View Needed

Prospective Buyer: "But I don't exactly like the looks of your '39 model in front."

Salesman Dzudi: "But look at the lines from the back. Doesn't it look good from that view?"

Prospective Buyer: "Yes, but—" Salesman Dzudi: "Well, that's all anybody ever sees of this car."

—Pathfinder.

Ineligible

A man went into an insurance office to have his life insured.

"Do you cycle?" the agent asked.

"No," said the man.

"Do you motor?"

"No."

"Do you, then, perhaps fly?"

"No, no," said the applicant, laughing;

"I have no dangerous—"

"Sorry, sir," the agent broke in, "but we no longer insure pedestrians."

—Omaha Bee

Quite Active Again

The over-cautious visitor, with several imaginary diseases, was registering at the resort hotel.

"But is this a really healthy place?" he asked the desk clerk for the third time.

"Absolutely," smiled the clerk. "This season a man was carried in here on a stretcher. After two weeks he ran away without paying his bill."

—Kablegrams.